

Week ending May 23 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's
Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY

5d

Brilliant new complete stories by
VICTOR CANNING
and **GERALD KERSH**

A personal call on Britain's Mr. Song and Dance

FRANKIE VAUGHAN

Has Selwyn Lloyd conquered his fear of heights?



AMAZING PERFORMANCE WITH BP ENERGOL 'VISCO-STATIC'*

105,806 MILES AND STILL DIDN'T NEED A REBORE!

Sales Representative's experience with BP Energol 'Visco-static'—the oil that's proved to give 80% less engine wear

ASK MR. J. E. PIPER of Felixstowe what difference BP 'Visco-static' means to motoring. He knows the answer. He started running his 1955 Ford Consul on BP 'Visco-static' and used it ever since for 105,806 miles. At the end of this time the engine was opened up and found to be in tip-top condition. It didn't need reboring, it didn't even need decarbonising. And that after 105,806 miles!

Examined by independent consultants

During the whole of this huge mileage the engine head was never once removed. The only work needed was the replacement of a timing chain at 65,000 miles.

When Mr. J. E. Piper informed BP of this re-

markable trouble-free mileage they arranged for the engine to be opened up and examined by a firm of independent consulting engineers—A. Warren Lambert & Co., 181 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4. The man who actually did the job is a former Chief Engineer of the A.A.

This was done at Foxhall Garage, Nacton, Ipswich and exact measurements were made of all wearing surfaces. These figures were supplied in a complete report issued by the independent experts.

Amazingly little wear

On examination the experts found that the engine was in first-class condition. Wear was so low that no attention was needed. Maximum wear in any



Experts take micrometer readings on the cylinder bore of Mr. Piper's engine after 105,806 miles. So little wear was recorded that not even new rings were necessary.

cylinder bore did not exceed 1.2 thousandths of an inch. There was no need to rebores, no immediate need even to give a top overhaul. All valves except one were seating well and did not need grinding-in. The cylinder head could have been refitted and the engine run for many more tens of thousands of miles!

Bearings first-class

It was not only cylinder wear that was wonderfully low. Main bearings, big ends, crankshaft were so little worn they needed no attention. The same was true of camshaft and tappets. There was remarkably little carbon. This and the low wear confirmed that oil consumption throughout the 105,806 miles remained moderate.

Proved on radio-active wear detector

The saving in wear with BP 'Visco-static' is so great that a car engine has to complete very big mileages indeed before any measurement of wear can be made by normal micrometer means. But BP 'Visco-static' was tested and proved to give 80% less cylinder wear before the oil was put on the market. This was done by using the wonderful new radio-active wear detector.

A copy of the complete test report on the Ford Consul can be obtained from your BP garage.



This is Mr. J. E. Piper's Ford Consul with 105,806 miles on the clock. And the engine was still in tip-top condition. Mr. Piper had used BP 'Visco-static' during the whole of this huge mileage.

* 'VISCO-STATIC' IS A TRADE-MARK OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED



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The Cover



Now keep cool, calm and . . .
Watch your language, please,
there's an attentive ear at the other end
of that line. This dilemma has only one
ending—a swift undo-it-yourself move-
ment, and a pasting for all concerned.
Yes, it's a testing time for the handy-
man about the house. And there's
more trouble in store. Our cover
boy knows that Aunt Jennifer and a
car-load of cousins are on the road.
"And there's no putting them off
this time," says artist Heseltine. "The
next ring will be at the door"

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

A Parent's Dilemma

AS a mother of two I often wonder if we are not all mistaken in thinking that a loving and secure home are the essential needs of our children. We have lavished care and attention on my two sons; we never leave them and we are happy in their company and they in ours.

Yet last week when one of my boys started school he was heart-broken. My eldest son wept daily for almost a year and the memory of those days fills me with misery. Other children cry—but mine are ill with distress. Many of my neighbours' children go to school so happily that I feel I have failed somewhere.

Many of them are left to fend for themselves for hours—and they seem more independent and self-reliant.

Is it not true that if you bring up your children as mine were brought up they are stunned when they go out into the world and find that everyone is not like their parents?

My husband had an unhappy childhood, but he has great strength of character and common sense which I believe his childhood gave him.

Will my sons be half the men that he is?—MOTHER OF TWO, Staffs.

Sheer Miracle

Wizards of industrial laboratories have given us many wonderful synthetic materials for clothing. Is it not possible for these miracle men to combine nylon with pure silk and give women elegant stockings with legs of nylon and really comfortable feet of silk?—MRS. M. RITCHIE, Wayland Crescent, Chilton, Berks.

"Apart from the technical difficulties of combining silk and nylon," says a nylon stocking expert, "there would be difficulty in the different lives of the two materials."

"We appreciate Mrs. Ritchie's desire for more comfort—but she could try nylons with crêpe feet. They are porous and not as hard on the feet as nylon."

Sunday Madness

My wife broke our baby's feeding bottle on a Sunday morning and I walked into one of the few chemists open that day and was told that I could not be served with a bottle on a Sunday.

Is it not time the government introduced sanity into this farcical Sunday Trading Act?—H. HAINES, Colchester Road, Leicester.

Unforgivable

A reader seems to be bitter about self-made men ("Free Speech," April 25), and he may be right that any man who succeeds through his own strenuous efforts is "personally completely detestable."

We British can forgive anything except industry and efficiency. But after serving twenty-seven years in the lower deck in the Royal Navy I would like to correct these misguided theories about the unpopularity of officers commissioned from the ranks.

They were only unpopular with skulkers—because they knew all the answers. They could detect the flaws in the glib alibis, the phony excuses

and the bogus hard luck stories.
—BERNARD CAMPION, Manadon, Plymouth.

Matter Of Taste

Has anyone ever heard of a lady decorator? My experience leads me to wonder why schools don't train girls to be professional interior decorators.

Men are less thorough, less pains-taking and less artistically inclined. I dread having workmen in my house, but would be happy to have a woman decorator.—MRS. H. A. ANDERSON, Newlyn, Cornwall.

Sprightly Veteran

When I met our landlord, aged ninety-three, the other day, I realized how much better it was to disregard age and live in the fullness of life from day to day.

He came to discuss an extension



of our lease. He climbed two flights of stairs without inconvenience or comment, and looked debonair with well-kept black hair and moustache, and nimble figure. He showed an obvious enjoyment of the good things of life.

After long and keen discussion he agreed to extend the lease for another ten years, but concluded: "Mind you, I'm not at all sure that I shall renew it next time."—D. C., Nottingham.

Wrecks Adrift

Hundreds of ramshackle, brake-less, glossy-tyred and spokeless machines are ridden each day by students into the traffic battle like chargers in my own city alone.

I am sure that many such wrecks do battle everywhere—to the great danger of rider, driver and pedestrian.

Could the offending owners not be brought to heel by a version of

the motor car inspection scheme?—J. GOWERS, Hauxton, Cambridge.

"Regulations say a bicycle must have efficient brakes, and proper lighting if used at night," says the Ministry of Transport. "Otherwise there seems to be no stipulation about its general condition."

Form For Fags

Many boys learn to smoke at school because they see bigger boys go round the back of the school to have a puff. To stop this at my school, St. Patrick's Secondary, a special room was set aside for older boys to smoke in. They have to keep the room clean each day.

I think this will mean less smoking among younger boys.—BRIAN SAVAGE, Holmdene Gardens, Belfast, N. Ireland.

"Smoking is a weakness—not a crime," says an official of Brian's school. "By legalizing it here we've cut it down by at least thirty-five per cent."

"Only senior boys, fourteen- and fifteen-year-olds, are given permission to use the smoking-room."

"They have a committee which makes its own rules. One is that each boy promises not to smoke on the way to or from school."

"Much of the attraction of cigarettes among boys is that they are frowned upon."

"Our scheme's been fairly successful. The number of smokers among about eight hundred pupils is gradually dropping."

Less Shocking?

Coming across a copy of *Whitaker's Almanac* for 1886 I found that there were eight sizeable earthquakes that year.

Why are so few earthquakes experienced in this country these days? — W. NIMMONS, Hazelfield Street, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

"Earthquakes often occur in groups," says Dr. A. T. J. Dollar, one of Britain's leading authorities. "This seems to be because strain accumulates in the earth's crust and then is relieved bit by bit."

"However, my records show that it's wrong to think earthquakes have died out. There have been at least three major ones in the last two years in this country."

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

☆ La Lollo
☆ takes up
☆ the challenge

☆ Italy's fieriest actress is in
☆ Hollywood, determined to
☆ prove that anything Sophia
☆ Loren can do, she can do
☆ better. Read Rex Grizell's
☆ revealing article on Gina
☆ Lollobrigida . . .

☆ NEXT WEEK

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆



An uncrackable crib was a challenge that had to be faced—however charming its guardian angel . . .

RAFFLES

and the showman's safe

by BARRY PEROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

IN the gas-lit sitting-room over Ivor Kern's shop in King's Road, Chelsea, A. J. Raffles and myself, Bunny Manders, were having a glass of sherry with the antique dealer and receiver of stolen property. "Raffles," Kern said suddenly, "would you undertake to crack a safe in order to oblige a magistrate?"

Like myself, Raffles was in evening dress. His dark hair crisp, his keen face impassive, he took a Sullivan from his cigarette case. "Is your question a challenge, Ivor?" he said.

"Not exactly," said Kern. "But I've reason to believe that a man called Warren Grapner may be hired to do that very thing. The Yard rates Grapner as the cleverest cracksmen in the country—though he's had convictions. The most recent was for a country house job. He was caught red-handed, brought up before the local magistrate, sent by him for trial and got five years."

He took a sip at his sherry.

"I've heard an odd story," he said. "Grapner completed his sentence recently, and it seems that during the past few days the country magistrate who sent him for trial has been in London trying to get in touch with him, letting it be known he has a confidential job he wants Grapner to undertake."

Raffles chuckled. "It certainly sounds fishy, Ivor. Who's the magistrate?"

"Just a country J.P.," Kern said. "As a matter of fact he's better known—at any rate to carnival showmen and fairground folk—as an engineer."

Raffles's grey eyes were suddenly intent. "Ivor, is this magistrate by any chance James Barribar, J.P., head of the Barribar Ironworks?"

"That's the man," Kern said. "You know him?"

"I've played billiards with him occasionally at a club he uses when he's in London," Raffles said.

He turned to me. "Bunny, the yard of the Barribar works is a favourite winter quarters for the carnival showmen. James Barribar is probably the only magistrate in England who's always on their side. They call him the Showmen's J.P., always refer to him as 'Squire' Barribar. Any outfit, big or little, that goes into winter quarters in his works yard pulls out, come spring, with a slap-up job done on it—whether they can pay on the nail or not."

He drew thoughtfully at his cigarette. "At the club I've heard that the Squire's a bachelor, with a pretty niece who keeps house for him, and two

young nephews in the business. I've also heard that when the carnival outfits start pulling out from winter quarters in his yard, he's so proud of the job his works have done on them that he always has a house party to see them leave."

He frowned. "That house party at Barribar's must be about due. I wonder if the Squire's need of a safecracker can have any connection with it." He crushed out his cigarette, stood up. "Thanks for the sherry. Bunny, we were going to dine together, but I'll get you to excuse me. It might be interesting to know what job Squire Barribar has for a cracksmen. If the Squire's in London at the moment, I think I shall be spending all my time at that club. If I can get him into a game of billiards a little judicious hinting might get us invitations to that house party."

He clapped on his opera hat and walked out, leaving Kern and I staring at each other.

Sure enough, on an afternoon a few days later, Raffles and I alighted from the London train at a country station near the home of James Barribar, Esq., J.P. Our host had sent a groom to meet us with a dogcart.

BETWEEN budding hedgerows, in pleasant sunshine, the cart was rattling us along a winding lane when I was startled by a shattering uproar ahead. Next moment, as our joggling horse rounded a bend, I saw approaching us an enormous traction engine. Hogging the entire width of the lane, the majestic monster shone green and scarlet with fresh paint picked out with lavish gold-leaf.

Our horse, steady to show engines, turned calmly into a space before a gate. And the towering engine lumbered past, towing a trundling line of gigantic, tarpaulin-covered amusement contraptions with carnival chaps perched dizzily high up on them.

"All from our host's yard and bound for the fairgrounds, Bunny," said Raffles, as the din of the procession receded and the dogcart resumed its way.

The groom looked round at us. "There be the works ahead," he said. "And Squire's house up on the hill yonder. Squire himself be at the works this minute, showin' round some of his guests as arrived earlier."

"In that case, groom," Raffles said, "you might as well drop us off at the

works, too, and we'll join the party there."

Over the works gateway, alongside the village green dotted with caravans and tethered horses, arched a wooden notice board: BARRIBAR IRONWORKS & STEAM TACKLE CO.

We walked into the yard. More show engines, glittering in the sun, stood there. From old, rambling engineering sheds sounded the roar of bellows, the clang of sledgehammers.

"Mr. Raffles?" a voice called.

We both looked round. In a corner of the yard was a group of caravans. On the rear platform of a handsome van painted red and blue stood an attractive fair-haired girl. She was smiling at us. Another girl, a strikingly vivid brunette with flashing ear-rings, was leaning out from the caravan, her shapely, sunburned arms resting on the closed half-door.

We walked over to the girls with alacrity, raising our hats.

"Mr. Raffles and Mr. Manders—our belated guests?" said the fair-haired girl. "I thought as much. Uncle James told me to watch out for you. I'm delighted to see you. I'm Ruth Barribar. And this is a great friend of mine—Dolores Smith."

"We were just admiring," Raffles said, "the variety and splendour of the work done here. Tell me, Miss Barribar, am I mistaken, or is that some kind of strongbox or safe I see over there?"

Startled, I followed his glance. From a building marked PAINT SHED a gang of men were lugging out a low-wheeled iron trolley.

On the trolley was the most conspicuous safe I ever had seen in my life. Obviously of great weight and solidity, it was painted fire-engine red, with brass levers and a monogram in gold-leaf on the door: P.S.M.

"It's not our usual kind of work," Ruth Barribar said. "It's a special order, a burglarproof safe, designed by my brother Ronald."

"Most interesting," Raffles murmured.

"It's painted like that," Ruth said, "to match the rest of our customer's show tackle. He operates roundabouts—Plaskett's Scarlet Monsters." She added, in a rather strange tone: "I think my Uncle James may be having something to say about that safe tonight."

A hand to her pretty skirts, she

descended the steps from the caravan platform.

"Shall we go and find the rest of the party now?" she said.

The house party sat down to dinner that night, some twenty strong, in the big dining-room of Mr. James Barribar, the Showmen's J.P.

The old engineer at the head of the table looked to me a bit of a rough diamond. He was stocky and rubicund, with a stubble of grey hair on a bullet head.

His nephews seemed very decent fellows. Roy, who ran the works' business side, looked vigorous and efficient. Ronald, the draughtsman and inventor, was obviously an intelligent, amiable young man. Both were married. They and their charming young wives—and Dr. Jackman—were here only for dinner, as their homes were nearby.

WHEN the ladies of the party had withdrawn from the dining-room the Squire passed the port and looked round at us all with a touch of defiance.

"Might as well get it off my chest now," he said. "I know very well it's an open secret that me and my nevvies have been having differences of opinion. Roy and young Ron here want Barribar's to branch into other fields of engineering besides carnival steam tackle. Well, it's natural that clever, college-educated boys should want to branch out. Their dad, my late brother, would be proud of 'em. They're my heirs—they and Ruthie—and I'm proud of 'em, too."

"Now then," said the Squire. "They want new workshops for the new machinery they need. I told 'em to go and build over near the county town yonder and leave me and my foreman, Fred Shergold, to handle the carnival tackle here, same as ever. But no, that don't suit their book. Roy reckons the sound business thing to do is to reorganize and rebuild at the works here, rather than start from scratch yonder. Right, Roy? Young Ron?"

The nephews nodded, looking at the old man with a rueful, amused affection.

"Born organizer, Roy is," said the Squire. "Give him his head here and I know what it'll mean. The new engineering'll get priority over the carnival work and my friends the showmen'll soon begin to feel they

"Mr. Raffles and Mr. Manders?" asked the girl. "Uncle James told me to look out for you"



Raffles and the showman's safe

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ain't welcome. And I won't have that!"

He refilled his glass, passed the decanter on.

"We was arguing the toss about it again round this very table," he said, "some weeks back. They were talking about some of young Ron's patents they want to start manufacturing—especially a safe he designed for a showman customer, but ain't delivered yet. Mind now, Ron's gifted, and that safe's a tartar."

"But I'm a magistrate," said the Squire. "I sit on the bench at the town yonder. I know something about criminals. They're gifted, too—some of 'em. Clever? I had a safecracker up in front of me once. A Scotland Yard man who come down about it told me about safes that crook had cracked—and a hundred more that he was known, but not proved, to have cracked. It was an eye-opener."

I met Raffles's eyes for an instant. The Squire went on: "I was a bit hot under the collar about the argument with my nevvies, and when they went on to claim they'd submitted Ron's safe to every conceivable test and was satisfied it was burglarproof, I said I could tell 'em that they had no call to be satisfied till the safe had passed the one test that mattered—the test of a clever crook. Know what my nevvies done?"

His defiant blue eyes looked around. "The young rascals," he said. "They knew the mood I was in. Quick as a flash, Roy said he and Ron would lock five hundred pounds apiece of their own money in Ron's safe, and if I could produce a cracksman who could get it, he could keep it—and they'd go and do their new building over at the town yonder. But if the crook failed to get the thousand quid, then my nevvies was to have their own way at the works here. Mood I was in, quick as a flash I took 'em on. And damme," said the Squire, mopping his brow, "I been worrying ever since."

"Now, honestly, Uncle James," Ronald said, with a kind of amused exasperation, "we've told you over and over again that if you'd rather wash the whole challenge business out. . . ."

THE Squire barked: "No! What d'ye take me for? If I say a thing, I abide by it. Always have done, always will. I'll give ye a run for your money. I had a bit of trouble getting hold of the safecracker I had in mind, but I've done it. He's going to have a go for the thousand pounds. Now, here's what's been arranged about this test."

"First," said the Squire, "the crook's to be allowed the working time he could normally hope to have for a crib, this time of year—midnight till six a.m. Next, me and my nevvies have agreed the test shall be on neutral ground, and Dr. Jackman here. . . ."

"I've put my house," said a pleasant, middle-aged man, "entirely at the disposal of the contending parties. I've a suitable room for the test. The safe can be put in there. On the chosen night I shall be delighted to entertain the Squire's house party."

"This is Friday," said the Squire. "The last of the carnival outfits will be gone by Wednesday. So Tuesday night's the climax of this party. The crook's told me I shall see nothing of him till midnight Tuesday, when he'll ring the bell of Dr. Jackman's house. He'll be masked because he don't want his face to be seen."

"By the same token, he don't want his techniques watched, so he'll be shown straight to the room with the safe and locked in with it. He'll take my word for it, as a magistrate, that the thousand pounds is in the safe. You can all be witnesses to that, anyway. He's to use any method, any tools he wants, to get the thousand pounds, and if he gets it between midnight and six a.m. he's to keep it, unmolested. Right, Roy? Young Ron?"

They nodded. Excited talk broke

out round the table. The Squire rose.

"Let's join the ladies," he said, "and you can tell 'em about it."

I slept fitfully that night. I thought of the red safe, the thousand pounds. Before dawn I heard the rumble and chug of show engines as they got early on the road with their tail of caravans. If Warren Grapner failed, I realized, the showmen and their womenfolk—like Dolores Smith, with her red caravan—would not return many more times to their old and favourite winter quarters in Barribar's yard.

Only Ruth was in the dining-room when I went down to breakfast. She seemed pale and upset.

"Raffles been down yet?" I asked, as I helped myself at the sideboard.

"He's had breakfast and gone out," Ruth said. "There are no letters for you, Mr. Manders."

I had not expected any. No one

get word to the Squire. So I've sent Kern a wire, from the village post office, asking him to send me a parcel by passenger train to that station we arrived at yesterday."

My throat was dry. I knew what would be in the parcel. Safecracking tools.

"WE'LL pick up the parcel tomorrow or Monday," Raffles said. "Now, the party's bound to spend some time pottering about the works on Monday and Tuesday, riding on roundabouts being given a final test and so forth. I rather think that before Tuesday evening I'm going to sprain an ankle, stepping off a roundabout, and shan't be able to come with the party to Dr. Jackman's." He struck a match, its flame pale in the sunshine. "Follow me?" he said.

I was rigid. I followed him, all right. "I've been taking a prow round," he said, "getting the lie of the land. I met Dr. Jackman. He asked me in for a sherry. I went on to the works, met old Fred Shergold, the foreman and the Squire's crony. I also saw

ushered us into a large, comfortable hall. It had a parquet floor. On a gallery landing sat three musicians."

"Miss Stacey, the music mistress," said the doctor, beaming, "and two of her pupils. She kindly consented to give us a little music for a dance, if the ladies fancy it."

"Thoughtful of ye, Doctor," said the Squire. "My nevvies brought the boodle yet?"

"No," said the doctor, "but Molly, here"—he indicated the pretty parlourmaid—"tells me that Roy brought a gang of men over with the safe on a trolley at about four o'clock. Roy left word that he and his wife were dining at Ronald's place, but they'd all come over well before midnight—with the money. Meantime, may I beg you all not to neglect the sideboard in the dining-room there."

Pretty soon the Squire and his elderly cronies were encamped round the sideboard in a fog of cigar smoke, while the younger and livelier members of the party tried their dance paces in the hall. Only Ruth looked pale and stern.

About eleven o'clock, the doorbell jangled. Molly opened it. In came Roy and Ronald Barribar and their young wives.

"Hah!" said the Squire, who had come out of the dining-room. "Haven't got cold feet, then? Let's see the colour of your money."

ROY opened a baize bank bag he carried. He took out ten packets of banknotes.

"There it is," he said. "A thousand pounds. Come on, Ron, let's put it in the safe."

In the right-hand corner of the hall, under the curve of the staircase, two closed doors showed between draped, pelmeted curtains. Roy crossed to one of the doors, which had a key in the outside of the lock. He opened the door, disclosing a small, windowless room lined round completely with bookshelves and with a strip of thick carpet on the floor. In the centre of the floor stood the bright-red safe with its brass door levers and its gold-leaf monogram: P.S.M. Three tall candles, in a silver candlestick standing on the safe, were unlighted. There was no other article of furniture.

The brothers knelt down before the safe. We all were gathered round the doorway of the room in a tight, craning knot. Ronald pulled open the massive door of the safe. Roy stacked the packets of banknotes inside and tossed the baize bag in after them.

The brothers turned their backs to us as they secured the safe. Then they rose, Ronald pocketing the safe key, and came out. Roy closed the door of the room.

Tension grew as the hands of the doctor's grandfather clock crept towards midnight. As it chimed the doorbell jangled.

All was still. The music stopped. Only the clock went on chiming and Molly, the parlourmaid, hurried to answer the doorbell. She opened the door and a man walked in. He wore a black overcoat and black felt hat. His face was entirely covered by a black silk scarf in which eyeholes had been cut; the ends of the scarf were tucked into a white muffler at his throat. In his gloved left hand he held a tool roll. His right hand was deep in the pocket of his overcoat.

In the dead silence the Squire stumped forward. His face was grim.

"This way," he said. He thought the man was Warren Grapner. I knew he was A. J. Raffles. He followed the Squire to the room under the curve of the staircase. The staring dancers made a gangway for them. At the door of the room the Squire turned to the masked man.

"There's candles in there," the Squire said. His voice was harsh. "D'ye need anything else? Few sandwiches? Drop of brandy?"

The masked man shook his head. The Squire opened the door. The safe gleamed red. Its brass levers glittered. The masked man walked into the little

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LONDON RAIN

*Always I've loved
the London rain
But most of all in spring:
Streets glossy with its
silver stain
And green leaves glistening
And rainbows spilt
across the street
From coloured lights: it sets
A youthful memory
still sweet
With scent of violets.*

*I like to feel
the rain's caress
Upon my face, and know
The secret singing happiness
Of evenings long ago.
And walk with love
that is not spent
But warmly comes again.
Still redolent with violets' scent
In spring in London rain.*

DOUGLAS GIBSON



knew where we were, except Ivor Kern.

My fellow guests drifted in—and out. I hung about the house all the morning, wondering where Raffles was. It was nearly lunchtime before I spotted him walking up the drive. I went to meet him.

"Where the devil have you been?" I said.

He looked at me with a grey gleam in his eyes. I knew instantly that it meant business. I knew something had happened.

He offered me a cigarette. "I had a letter from Ivor Kern this morning," he said. "There's news about Warren Grapner. The police have picked him up for something. He's detained at Cannon Row Police Station."

I went as cold as a stone. "He won't be out in a hurry," Raffles said—"ticket-of-leave man. Luckily, there's nothing in the papers about it—I looked through them at breakfast. There probably won't be, till he's brought up on charge. It's most improbable that he'll be able to

Dolores Smith. Bright girl, that. Nice roomy caravan she's got."

But I could think only of the safe to be cracked, the thousand pounds which would be in the safe. My throat felt tight. I muttered: "Can you do it?"

"I can try, anyway," he said. "Only one thing bothers me a bit."

"What?" I said.

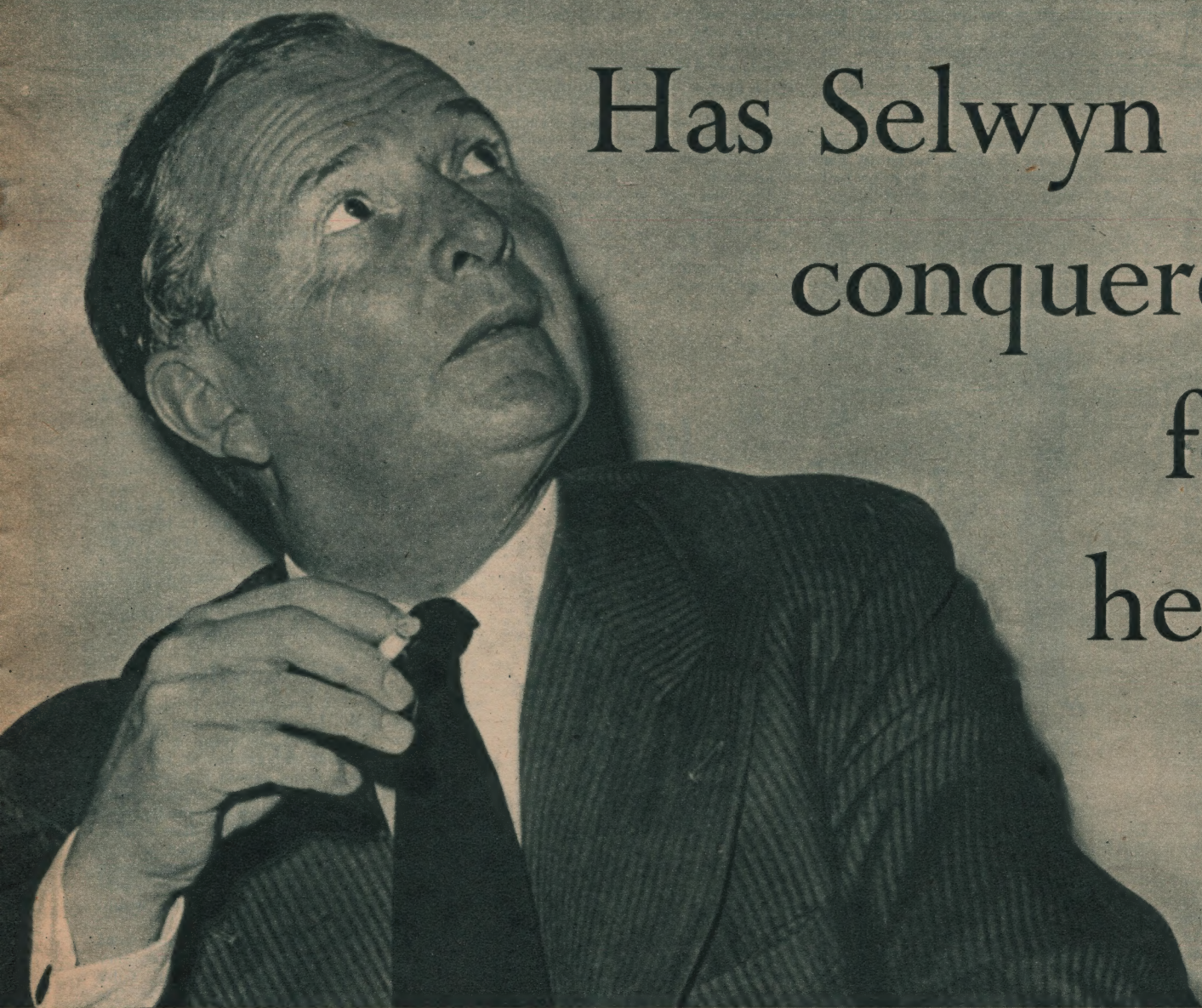
He gave me a queer look. "The colour of the safe," said A. J. Raffles, and he dipped his cigarette to the last flicker of the match in his cupped hands.

From the house the gong sounded for lunch.

I KNEW I never should forget that Tuesday night. After dinner at the Squire's the whole house party of us, in evening dress, set out afoot for Dr. Jackman's house. All, that is, except Raffles, who had unfortunately sprained his ankle.

Dr. Jackman was standing hospitably at the open front door of his house to receive our party. He

Laughed at, insulted, embarrassed in the House of Commons,
he now looks like reaching the Summit after all



Has Selwyn Lloyd conquered his fear of heights?

by WILFRED
GREATOREX

At his broad and tidy desk in the Foreign Office one summery afternoon last month, Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs glanced through a list of forthcoming engagements, then picked up the private telephone to 10 Downing Street and called the Prime Minister.

For weeks it had been all work and no play for Selwyn Lloyd as he had careered about the world carving out footholds towards the Summit. From the middle of February to the end of March he had travelled 23,000 miles, stopping off to visit such international top people as Nikita Khrushchev, President Eisenhower, Christian Herter, Dr. Adenauer, Herr von Brentano, John Diefenbaker, General de Gaulle, M. Debré and M. Couve de Murville.

Over the previous few days there had been a flutter of telegrams about the Americans' high flights into Berlin. Three weekend speeches faced Lloyd, and on Sunday morning he had to welcome King Hussein to London.

He spoke for only a few moments to the Premier. The following Monday, Harold Macmillan set Westminster's lobbies agog by switching the normal Tuesday Cabinet to Monday evening.

The move had M.P.s and political correspondents guessing. Crisis around the Summit? High flights? Most experts plumped for the fixing of the election date.

A few days later, Selwyn Lloyd

settled into a chintzy winged chair in the drawing-room of his second-floor flat at 1 Carlton Gardens, overlooking the Mall, and recalled for me his telephone conversation with the Premier.

"I think I see a chance of getting away on Tuesday for some fresh air somewhere," he had said—whereupon Macmillan offered to hold the Cabinet meeting another day.

Though he cites this as an instance of what he calls the Premier's considerateness, John Selwyn Brooke Lloyd may be excused if he also sees the accommodating gesture as a further sign of his own improving status. For Lloyd is making good despite the most virulent smear campaign ever directed against a Minister of the Crown.

From the days when he used to be called "Anthony's office-boy" in the Eden government, he has been taunted with such uncomplimentary nicknames as "The Man Who Never Was" and "Hoylake Urban District Council." He has been punished in foreign affairs debates, attacked by newspapers which might have been expected to support him and tipped for the sack almost as often as he has flown abroad on Britain's behalf.

Once he was booed in the House of Commons.

Today, the reserved, poker-faced lawyer with the bird-of-prey nose, protuberant upper lip and florid cheeks is a changed man. At fifty-four he is plumper (and slightly worried about his waistline), fitter, slightly more sociable

and a lot more worldly wise than he was when he took office.

His own stubbornness in holding on, and the twists of fate that opened the path to the Summit and took the veteran Dulles from the diplomatic scene, now make Lloyd by far the most experienced foreign minister in the West. At Geneva last week the rest were comparative novices.

At the crossroads

Things first began to take a turn for the better for Lloyd last autumn when he was due to meet Konrad Adenauer in Bonn and then appear at the Conservative Party Conference in Blackpool. He had a heavy cold and a temperature. A friend advised him to go to bed, reminding Lloyd that he had attempted this sort of thing before—flying into London after talks abroad and facing the House the same day with a tired speech that had M.P.s of both sides writhing.

To his friend's surprise, Lloyd complied with the advice, sent his apologies to the German Chancellor and took to his bed. Nursed by his housekeeper, Lloyd found time to prepare his conference speech at leisure.

"It was one of the best he's ever made," says a delegate who was there. "Everyone sensed that this was a crossroads for Lloyd. They stood and cheered him before he spoke. And then again afterwards."

Lloyd, who is more used to an ugly

duckling rôle, was flushed and nearly in tears. Afterwards, a delegate invited him to address a party meeting in Scotland. When the delegate showed surprise at Lloyd's ready acceptance and said he thought that the Foreign Secretary never made provincial speeches because he was too busy, he got the reply: "Not so. Nobody's asked me before."

So bucked was Lloyd by all this goodwill—he responds noticeably to encouragement—that he even made a presentable speech in the House of Commons. Yet he still fails to reach his best in the House. He tends to stammer and to look harassed and his words are mostly guarded and dull.

"The truth is," says one Labour M.P., "he's scared of the House—and we know it."

Abroad, Lloyd changes like a political chameleon. He is a quite different proposition. He revels in Summitry. He mixes easily and naturally with foreign diplomats. And he frequently sets the pace of negotiation at Nato, Seato and Baghdad Pact meetings.

"He's especially good at seeing a way through some problem which threatens to bog down a meeting," says a Foreign Office man.

Once, deadlock loomed at a Nato meeting. The Americans were concerned to set up missile bases in Europe. Some of the smaller European countries were nervous and were keener to concentrate on Summit talks. Suddenly, Lloyd came up with a practical

continued from previous page

solution and—surprisingly, for he is prone to produce clichés—an original catchphrase: "Arm to parley."

The Americans got their bases. Moves were started to get the Russians round a table.

At the conference table and during the reconnoitring which precedes international discussions, Lloyd pulls out all the forensic tricks he learned in his lucrative years at the Bar. During the London Conference, when representatives of Greece, Turkey and Cyprus sat under his chairmanship, it was Lloyd who several times kept the meeting grinding away at a solution to the Cyprus problem. He personally persuaded the cagey Makarios to underwrite the agreement.

In Belgrade once he was putting the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, Koca Popovic, through a typical cross-examination. Popovic put up with it for a while. Suddenly, however, he smirked knowingly and said: "You like to ask direct questions, Mr. Foreign Secretary?"

As Lloyd nodded, Popovic went on: "And I like very much to give evasive answers."

Lloyd took the ripost in good part. He has a mischievous sense of humour which contrasts with the stiff and chilly character M.P.s have come to know. At Westminster he sometimes gives the impression of being frozen into rigidity by the presence of his enemies. But on international duty he fits the pattern of flexibility set by Macmillan.

It is no new trait, either. Years ago, when he was made Minister of State by Churchill and became Britain's representative at the United Nations, he won a reputation as a sprightly heckler of the Russians. Knowing the Russians' love of proverbs he used to think up fictitious ones to baffle Vishinsky and Co., such as "The more moo, the less milk."

And when Vishinsky was trotting out all the old Russian reasons for saying *niet*, Lloyd came out with what has become an historic gem of H-bomb diplomacy—"Dig that broken record!" It threw the Soviet interpreters into quite a spin.

Off-the-cuff wisecracks tend to liven Lloyd's conversation on missions abroad. His poker-face bewilders even those who know him best. The Russians especially are said now to look for hidden meanings in his banter where none exists.

Knowing this, Lloyd is inclined to be unduly finicky over his foreign affairs speeches at home to avoid double meanings. He also takes great care not to say anything to upset Britain's allies.

Some M.P.s believe that it is this caution which leads him to make such dull, precise speeches to the House.

Senses the snags

Even the Russians, however, are said to admire his skill in negotiation. He enjoys committee work. He has what professional diplomats call "a good nose for foreign affairs," and usually senses early on when something is likely to turn sour. When Khrushchev left Macmillan high and dry in provincial Russia it was Lloyd who promptly took charge of the tactical emergency and turned it into an international public relations triumph for Macmillan.

On missions abroad, Lloyd prefers to fly overnight with a small staff, consisting of two or three advisers, including specialists in the countries to be represented, his private secretary, Denis Laskey, and the news department head, Peter Hope.

He makes a point of meeting his delegation, and the British Ambassador on the spot, first thing in the morning to go over the day's plans. He is quick to spot omissions in briefs. At Nato and Seato meetings there are usually two sessions daily. Lunches, cocktail parties and dinners are used to conduct business. At 11 p.m. the British delegation meets to review the day's work. Lloyd stays up to read and draft telegrams relating to the conference and

also to world events of the moment. He gets to bed at 2 a.m. and falls asleep immediately. He starts the new day at 6 a.m.

"Physically, it's a killer," Lloyd told me. In fact, the job that almost certainly killed Ernie Bevin and undermined the health of Anthony Eden has today become almost too much for one man.

Even the Parliamentary recesses have allowed Lloyd no escape this year. He spent the Christmas recess having his tonsils out, the Easter recess in Washington and the Whitsun recess in Geneva.

He rarely gets a moment to call his own.

When he took that day off last month he found that, in fact, he could get away only after midday, when he had already done more than three hours' desk work.

The next day, after hours of work, including a lunch meeting with Willy Brandt, the Mayor of West Berlin, Lloyd arrived at Carlton Gardens at

just enough time for a quick change for dinner at 10 Downing Street, where Hussein was guest of honour. Later he stayed on for half an hour talking to Macmillan. Then, back at Carlton Gardens, he finished off the contents of the first dispatch box and went to bed.

Next morning, as usual, he had a boiled egg and *The Times* brought to his bedroom. He glanced through the deaths column, then turned to the leading articles.

Still in bed, he resumed his reading of Foreign Office papers. He wrote neat, brief memos in red ink on the blue-tinted papers requiring immediate action. Presently he had finished the contents of the second and third boxes. By 9.30 a.m. he was at his desk in Whitehall.

This was one of the easier spells in Lloyd's life. Normally he has also to fit in an appearance at one or other of the eighty foreign embassies in London for a diplomatic party; visits to London Airport—"we get a tremendous

anxiously: "What's happened to you?"

Lloyd first named two minor ministries before admitting that he was still Foreign Secretary. "What do they take me for?" he chuckled. "Even if I had been demoted, I'd have carried a stiff upper lip."

Since then the Macmillan-Lloyd expedition has moved from the post-Suez depths almost to the Summit. Lloyd has taken the rough, Macmillan the smooth. But throughout the tribulations of Selwyn Lloyd, Macmillan has been steadfast.

When Lloyd's own backbenchers sniped at him and the Socialists booed after an uneasy speech in the House, Macmillan referred publicly to his "stout heart and cool head." When his status reached rock bottom with a speech about the Summit that exacerbated hard feelings on both sides, it seemed the partnership was doomed. Lloyd stayed on. And a few days later Macmillan turned up in a TV interview saying: "I think Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is a very good Foreign Secretary."

By last March, Lloyd had become "the best colleague and the ablest minister I have ever had to work with." Observed Lloyd to an acquaintance: "One of the best" would have been enough!

While the Opposition likes to present Macmillan and Lloyd as master and valet—and Lloyd was momentarily overlooked during their official reception in Paris—the relationship is much more subtle. Lloyd, an ex-brigadier who went to Normandy on D-Day with General Dempsey, is a brilliant chief of staff. In this age of Summitry, Lloyd has found his niche.

Macmillan lays down broad policy. Lloyd prepares the detailed case.

Personal crisis

Some Foreign Service pros. think none could do it better. One thing is clear: Macmillan has come to rely on Lloyd's resourceful brain and tenacity.

Lloyd's staying power has seen him through many a personal crisis—alone. He has few close friends and he divorced his wife in 1957. "More than once," recalls a friend, "he's taken a real wounding in the House and gone back to that big, empty flat with the world against him. Few other men would have stood it."

Two years ago, when everything went wrong for him, Lloyd went on holiday to S'Agaro, in Spain, with Toby O'Brien, an advertising chief. "He looks awful," said one of Lloyd's Spanish friends to O'Brien, who thought Lloyd was near the limit of exhaustion. "Yet within two days," says O'Brien, "he swam two miles to another beach. Three days after that he swam three and a half miles to a neighbouring town. He did the same unwavering breaststroke all the way. On and on and on. He's like that. It was fantastic and revealing."

Swimming is one of Lloyd's favourite relaxations. He is also a useful bowler on American-style skittle alleys, and on long journeys to international conferences has been known to play a devastating game of Scrabble.

Lloyd is used to staring defeat in the face and keeping going. He detests flying, yet travels 80,000 air miles a year—he envies the American Secretary of State, who has his own V.I.P. plane. He braces himself regularly to face a House that frightens him.

Not long ago, there was an instance of his gritty make-up. He suffers from vertigo. When faced with a steep drop at a Majorca beauty spot once he turned a bilious green and retired to the far side of the road. At a reception in a New York skyscraper he would not go near the window. On his last visit to America he was given a twenty-third floor bedroom.

He showed no concern. "I'm getting better at this sort of thing," he told me. "I can look down now."

From that dizzy eminence near the Summit, Selwyn Lloyd, the man who is conquering his fear of heights, tries not to heed those who would have him look back.

THE END



Poet in the Garden

Plants grow apace, and so do weeds.
Keep your hoe busy, take care seeds
Of groundsel, thistle, and of dock
Are never scattered. Most weeds "mock"
The plants they grow near; you will find
Grass mats with thrift, the thin-leaved kind
Cling close to pinks, so weed with care,
And burn them all. In May, beware
Of blackfly. Pinch out broad bean tops,
And keep your eye on all young crops,
Spraying with derris early too,
While pests are scattered, weak and few.
Sow marrows in a frame. Prepare
A place to plant them out with care.
Mowings, manure, well-sifted soil,
Then giants may reward your toil.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

6 p.m. His day was far from over. The door was opened by a duty policeman. Lloyd acknowledged his salute and was taken up in the lift to his flat by a uniformed attendant.

He greeted his housekeeper, fussed his black Labrador dog Sambo and fixed whisky-and-water drinks for himself and an interviewer who was waiting to see him in the large, square drawing-room where Lloyd keeps the souvenirs of his calling—signed photographs of European royalty in black leather frames sited on occasional tables; medallions from the Pope and a small penknife from Eisenhower in a display cabinet. On the high mantel stands a signed photograph of the Queen and an enlarged colour snap of Lloyd and his six-year-old daughter Joanna.

The interview over, Lloyd sat at the desk between the green-curtained windows and spent another forty-five minutes going through papers from one of three dispatch boxes left earlier by a Foreign Office messenger. He left

throughout of distinguished visitors, and naturally we're glad to see them"; meetings with foreign ambassadors who have the right to call on him.

Lloyd's loyalty to Macmillan, and vice versa, is already a legend. Close friends of both men say that it dates back to the day when Macmillan was forming his government after Eden had gone. Lloyd was summoned to No. 10. The story goes that he volunteered himself as a scapegoat for the Suez fiasco for Macmillan to fire.

Macmillan, however, had already decided to keep him as Foreign Secretary and told him so. Lloyd, something of a political recluse in his own land and indifferent at the time to his own public relations, walked out with a long, anxious face. The cameras clicked. The tipsters analysed the pictures. Not for the first or last time, they took a beating.

An old friend, who thought that he understood Lloyd, was also taken in by the photographs and telephoned



ONE FOND KISS . . .

It's magic. It
can bring you
health, win a
fortune—or even
send you to jail

by ALAN LLOYD

THE sun shines momentarily above Montijo air station, Lisbon. It is 3.25 on a winter's afternoon as the Queen's aircraft touches down and taxis to the point where Prince Philip stands on the tarmac. The Royal couple have been parted 134 days. Now the scene is set for the most-awaited reunion of the decade.

Two at a time, the Duke mounts the steps of the silver Viscount and is lost to the sight of two hundred journalists who have gathered from all over the world to report the meeting. A blind is pulled down in a window of the aircraft's Royal lounge and for precisely two minutes husband and wife are together.

As they step out of the aeroplane their manner is calm, formal, traditionally undemonstrative. Only one small clue reveals the full warmth of the moment—an almost imperceptible smudge of lipstick on Prince Philip's face.

For queens and commoners alike, history has devised no more eloquent expression of love and its kindred emotions than a kiss. A kiss is the first thing a mother bestows on her new-born baby, and an experience that follows it to the end of its life.

Many kisses are accredited with extraordinary powers. Parents kiss the bumps and bruises of their children "to make them better"; in France, gamblers kiss their cards to bring luck; and in Germany there is even a superstition that toothache can be cured by kissing a donkey.

In terms of lip pressure, a kiss can weigh anything from 50 to 1,200 grammes. André Rabbs, a French psychologist, says that in a love kiss

200 to 400 grammes suggests "the normal amount of passion." Doctors have estimated that such a kiss increases the pulse rates of its participants by thirteen beats a minute.

It may do more. Scientists who recently measured the pulse rates of girls while they were being kissed reported that the kiss of one husky road-gang foreman sent up the heart beats of a susceptible brunette by sixty-six above the normal.

When the part of the brain that produces emotional reflexes—the thalamus—registers love, one of its reactions is to transmit a "message" to the nerves of the lips, awakening them to the desirability of a kiss.

The act of kissing accelerates a further chain of reactions which causes, among other things, the blood pressure to rise and breathing to become shallower. Nerves to the larynx soften the voice, and there are changes in muscles and even in the pupils of the eyes.

Power of a kiss

Kissing helps to stimulate glands in a woman's body which make her more alert and attractive, while men are liable to become more aggressive.

Kisses are an important part of most films. A few weeks ago a French actress, Micheline Presle, a German actor, Hardy Kruger, and an American director, Joseph Losey, met at Beaconsfield, in England, to work on a picture called *The Blind Date*.

On the first day everyone except essential technicians was banned from the set while Micheline and Kruger rehearsed a kissing scene. They continued to kiss for a fortnight—until every kiss in the film was complete.

"We were not quite strangers," says

Micheline. "We had met over tea one afternoon in Paris. Anyway, the technique of the screen kiss does not vary from country to country. A kiss is a kiss anywhere."

Rudolph Valentino, the film actor, is still remembered for his kisses. In 1954 a New York woman sued a neighbour who, she claimed, took her in his arms and said: "I'll show you how Valentino kissed 'em." According to the woman the demonstration injured her spine and damaged her nervous system.

Peggy Cummins, the actress, was kissed 190 times in a day's work during the making of *Forever Amber*; a kiss which Clark Gable gave Carole Lombard in *No Man Of Her Own* used over a mile of film; and a thirty-second kiss between Cary Grant and Grace Kelly in *To Catch A Thief* cost £5,000 to shoot.

While few people have denied the pleasurable of a kiss, many have viewed kissing with apprehension. Some have actually claimed that it is unhygienic.

Arthur Bryan, a bacteriologist, says that anything from two to 250 germ colonies can switch sides during a short kiss. Ninety-five per cent of them are harmless, and according to one group of scientists, people who kiss a lot are usually healthy and particularly resistant to cardiovascular, respiratory, gastro-intestinal, endocrine and skin diseases.

Lipstick helps to minimize germ activity because most lipsticks contain a mild antiseptic and the heavy base of a lipstick tends to smother the colonies.

In modern life, kissing and lipstick are almost inseparable. Three of the most popular lipsticks produced by one

British manufacturer at the moment are called "Kiss Red," "Stolen Kiss" and "Kiss Again."

Each lipstick, weighing about an eighth of an ounce, contains three hundred to four hundred "kisses," while a smear of lipstick left on a man's face or handkerchief can contain as many as eight waxes and oils, three dyes and stains and a blend of as many as four or five solid pigments.

Policeman's duty

Poets have found inspiration in kisses, politicians have sought votes with them and even policemen on duty have succumbed to their power. In 1956 a policeman on crowd-barrier duty outside a London cinema was invited by Esther Williams, the swimmer and film star, to give her a kiss. He did.

A police disciplinary board warned him to "comport himself with dignity" in future, and fined him £2.

The same year an amorous dining-car steward on a Sheffield to London train demanded kisses from women passengers he had waited on, as well as payment of their bills. An elderly widow complained later that she was not allowed to get off at St. Pancras until he had kissed her, and an elegant blonde declared that without warning he had kissed her on the cheek.

In his own words, the steward was "only trying to be friendly."

In some cases kisses have helped the law. In 1954 an eighteen-year-old girl identified a kiss a man had given her nine months earlier. On the second occasion the man attacked her and kissed her when she was in bed at her home in Stamford, Lincolnshire. She

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DEAD END

WHEN, as a child, I fell into fits of ungovernable rage my father used to admonish me. "Charles, you see the wrong side of things," he would say. "If your pony throws you, do not beat the pony—blame yourself for not mastering it. Don't look as if you hate it. Hate is death. Hate digs its own grave. Hate is a dead end, my dear boy. Only love conquers in the end. . . ."

He could afford to talk in comfortable clichés, because he was free from all care, a prosperous gentleman in retirement who liked everybody to be content; an unambitious dilettante happy in his library, the most frequently opened book in which was his chequebook. There was no charitable cause to which he would not subscribe. I hate charities and all forms of benevolence—they impoverish the giver and degrade the taker.

But while he put all mankind in his debt, and made a virtue of it, my father always warned me against owing money to tradesmen and bankers, or borrowing it from friends. The workings of such a conscience are incomprehensible to me; like the mysterious quirks of mind that enable certain "thinkers" to reconcile Darwin with the Book of Genesis. *Neither a borrower nor a lender be?* Tell that to your banker, tell it to your company promoter, tell it to your government itself. *Borrow on a promise and lend at interest on security*, Polonius should have said.

As a child I would not allow another child to look at one of my picture books or play with one of my toys unless he paid me in marbles or other small coin. I remember that I was given a stereoscope: I charged a farthing a look; and when I had a magic lantern I would not show it unless I had an audience of at least a dozen, and they had to pay a halfpenny a head. With money thus accumulated I bought new slides.

What happened? Another boy was given a bigger magic lantern and let the whole countryside come and look free of charge, just for the fun of playing to an audience, and I was left with a box of slides on my hands. I approached this other boy and suggested a partnership. He said no, but I could have his lantern and slides for 10s. I bought at 9s. The following week a cinema came to town and my equipment was bankrupt stock.

I was only ten years old then, but the bitterness of this fiasco left a taste in my mouth as of green mould on old pennies. I have never rid myself of that bad taste—the taste of Defeat. To make it worse, I had bought the lantern slides on credit and the tradesman threatened to ask my father for the money. So I stole some money from my father's desk. He found out, and forgave me—even increased my pocket

money to keep me out of temptation's way—but with what a lecture. I swore never to be found out again.

It was the same at school. A local dealer was selling cricket bats at 15s. apiece. In London I had seen the same bats on sale for 11s. 6d. So I ordered half a dozen, offering them at 13s., sold them, and cleared a profit of 9s. I was about to post the purchase price to the London dealer when it came to my attention that there had broken out one of those devastating schoolboy passions for a new kind of cheap fishing rod, the price of which was 18s.

The village shopkeeper said they were unprocurable as yet, but he took me aside and said: "Matter o' fact, I got a dozen o' they rods unpacked. You're a right smart young gentleman, now. I'll let you have 'em for nineteen shillings apiece, and I'll be surprised if you don't sell 'em for a pound."

I had only £5, but he agreed to accept that as a down payment. I sold two of the rods at £1 each. Then, to my horror, that village shopkeeper filled his window with the same articles at 17s. 6d., the very next day.

When I protested, he grinned and said: "Ah, that'll pay a clever young gentleman like you for they cricket bats, I reckon. I'll take the rods back at fifteen shillings apiece; and seeing as how you took and signed for 'em at nineteen shillings, that'll make forty-eight shillings you owe me."

So I asked my first favour of Jack Havant, captain of the fifth form—again with that taste in my mouth.

Jack Havant was a big boy, wide-eyed and honest, fresh as an apple, the kind of athlete and moral hero one used to read about in schoolboys' stories—a serious scholar, a pitier of the weak. He was like my father in his heartiness and his simplicity.

Of course, I did not approach him directly: I had only to look morose and sorrowful after the fishing-rod affair, when the other boys shunned me and called me "Shylock," and Jack Havant came at once to the rescue.

"What's the matter, Charles?" he asked. I told him, and he said: "Poor old fellow! You must have been hard up to try and make a profit out of your friends—and a clever man like you, too! Won't your governor cough up?"

My father would indeed have paid that tradesman five times over, but I said—no, my father would beat me, humiliate me and give me hell. I depicted that saintly old gull as a sort of fiend in human guise, and said that if it were not for one thing and another I'd run away to sea.

Jack said: "Don't play on the wrong side, old boy. It never does to get off on the wrong foot. . . ." Then he stopped, blushing, remembering (I

have not mentioned it before and will not mention it again) that I was born with one leg slightly shorter than the other and wear a surgical boot.

I knew I had him then. He said: "My governor's a holy terror, too. Liver, and all that—Africa and what-not, you know. But he's rolling in the dubs, and. . . . Well, look here, I've still got my Easter fiver and a couple of pounds besides. I'll arrange everything for you with that old cheat in the village. Only try not to do it again, and not a word to a soul."

He arranged this little matter and thereafter—being made that way, I suppose—became at once my guardian angel and my willing slave. I was his responsibility, his wayward brother.

I SPENT a summer holiday with him at Havant Manor. There was a fantastic old place, if you have a taste for such things—for emerald-green lawns, immemorial elms, ancestral oaks, and a house of such antiquity that it was old when Henry VIII spent a week there nursing a sore leg.

This house was full of concealed panels and secret passages dating back to the fourteenth century. It pleased me to limp about this old place while Jack was playing tennis with the sprigs of the local gentry and his father was grousing in his den, paralysed with an attack of genteel gout.

There was the long gallery with its ancestral portraits, and the library lined with fine old books, the latest of which had been printed in 1860. It was panelled in old oak. There was a huge stone fireplace, cold at this time of the year; and above it, in heavy gold, inlaid in the stone these three lines:

*that which i gained i lost
that which i saved i spent
that which i gave i have*

Exasperated by those odiously shy little dotted *i*'s of personal pronouns, I climbed up on a chair and, motivated by pure malice, struck at them, all six in turn, each on its dot with the brass handle of a heavy poker.

Then something happened that terrified me. The massive stone fireplace seemed to groan. I felt a tremor that seemed to run through the house and, to the right of the fireplace, one of the great panels fell ajar. I looked up again and saw that the dots on the *i*'s were now embedded below the surface of the inlay. Evidently these were six studs which, depressed in their right order, released an old spring that held fast a forgotten door.

I looked into the darkness thus exposed and saw stone steps leading down. But then I heard the tennis players coming in, and I hastily shut the secret door; whereupon with soft clicks the studs sprang back into their original positions.

I had barely time to push my chair back where I had found it and pick up

a book when Jack Havant came in with a sunburned nose, shouting: "Oh, here you are, Charles. Come and have tea. What are you doing all alone here?"

"Looking for secret passages," I said. "None in here, old fellow," said he. "The old house was mapped and charted for 'em long ago."

So I kept my discovery to myself, reasoning: *Who knows? There may be something valuable hidden down there, and when I come back next visit I shall explore at my leisure.*

In due course, Havant and I went to Cambridge, and there we were known as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He still befriended me. Lavish though my allowance was, I still got into debt in business ventures which, I swear, were watertight, but which always, by some wholly unpredictable turn of luck, went wrong at a critical moment, so that at last I found myself desperately pressed for a debt of £1,000.

Again, confound him, it was Jack Havant to the rescue.

He had come into his mother's money at the age of twenty-one and even without what was coming to him when old Sir Harry Havant died he had an independent fortune of £50,000.

You say that it was generous of him to give me that thousand pounds? I ask you, how? If you have a superfluous 2s. in your pocket, do you make a virtue of giving a beggar a halfpenny, which is one-fiftieth part of it? Or if you have an unearned fiver, do you

Havant bent forward to

examine the sacks just as I had

planned. This

was my chance . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

Jack Havant would forgive
me anything. This time he
wasn't getting the chance —
I was out to murder him

by **GERALD KERSH**



Dead end

continued from page 10

expect applause for giving away a florin?

Well, Havant saved me once more, saying: "Don't fret about it, Charlie old thing. You can pay me when you come into your money—which I hope, for your father's sake, will be a long time yet." Then he dismissed the matter with one of those imbecile jokes of his which always made me want to kill him on the spot. "But at the moment, you see, your name ought to be *Havant*, and mine should be *Havet*!"—and bellowed with laughter.

Our fathers died within a few weeks of each other. If he had not been a complete fool, my father would have left a quarter of a million. As it was, he left only £150,000. But Sir Harry Havant had been too irascible to look at a company promoter's prospectus and Jack inherited, therefore, £400,000 and the Havant Estates—ten thousand acres of the best land in the Midlands and several streets of houses in Belgrave and Mayfair.

I went into the city, on the Stock Exchange. Havant went back to the country to manage, or mismanage, his lands. But we met quite frequently and I constantly urged him to invest some of his idle capital.

It is remarkable that, in spite of my steady record of last-minute financial failures, Jack Havant had an almost superstitious awe for my business acumen. Now at this period those in the know were convinced that rubber was risky, while copper was safe. So I induced Havant to invest £20,000 in Parang Rubber, while I privately bought heavily of Pargament Copper. Rubber boomed, copper fell. I advised Havant to sell while he had a hundred per cent profit, and invest the whole £40,000 in Pargament Copper; sold him my own almost worthless stock and put all the money into Parang Rubber, with a view to selling at a considerable profit when rubber went up only a few points more.

It went up. I held out for another point. Then came the black weekend of the great rubber slump, and I was £20,000 poorer. A few days later, copper soared, and Havant, saying that he was bored with the whole business, sold his holdings at a forty per cent profit three days before Pargament, which had been skilfully promoted, went down with a terrible crash.

Then, at a party, Havant and I both took a fancy to the same girl, a fragile little beauty named Lilly Milber. She interested me; it was rumoured that there was money in the family, and she did not look as if she had long to live. But Jack Havant fell in love.

I had Lilly Milber's financial rating looked into by an agency and found that she had only two hundred a year of her own, the money in the family being in the possession of a young and healthy aunt. So I did not propose to Lilly Milber because I was afraid that she might accept me; and Havant did not propose to her for fear she might reject him.

THERE ensued a scene in which, dabbling at my eyes with a handkerchief, I said to Havant: "Take her, Jack. You will make her a better husband than I ever could. I'll work hard and try and forget. . . ." He blubbered like a schoolboy, wiping his eyes on a cuff and stammering words of gratitude. I was best man at their wedding.

Three months later, the newspapers were full of the Havant tragedy. Lady Havant was travelling up to London when their train collided with the Northern Express. The young bride and her aunt were among the dead. The Milber estate reverted to Sir John Havant—net personality £372,000 17s. 4d.

If this were not enough, certain other speculations of mine had, despite my most careful calculations, gone wrong. As the Americans say, I was "in deep." Not only was my private fortune gone, but I had committed the

indiscretion of using some of my clients' money to the tune of £6,500. So I went to Jack Havant again, and told him an appropriate story.

He said: "Charles, I owe you a deuce of a lot. I'll let you have the money. And look here, you say you're finished in the City. Come and stay with me. The estate needs a man with your head for figures, and God knows you're the best friend I ever had and I'm horribly lonely since Lilly. . . . Stay with me here, be my estate manager, and take a thousand a year, or whatever you think proper."

"I could work in the library," I said. "I always liked that library."

"You shall work wherever and whenever you like, my dear Charles. I'm out all day, busy with the tenants. It takes my mind off things. But it's the long evenings I dread. We can talk over the good old times after dinner."

And so it came to pass. I had ample time, now, to explore that unknown passage behind the panel, the servants being strictly instructed that I was on no account to be disturbed unless I rang. . . .

There were thirteen steep stone steps leading down into an arched passage. The walls were covered with moss, or lichens. My heart beat hard and I followed the beam of my torch. The old robber barons used to make such secret places to hide their loot, I thought.

You may imagine my disappointment, after I had travelled no more than fifty yards, when my light stopped dead at a blank wall.

But perhaps this wall itself sealed in some hidden treasure? I observed

a large quantity of hewn stone nearby, evidently left by the builders of the wall many centuries ago.

Frustrated, I turned back, closed the secret door and returned to my desk. It would take dynamite to move that wall—and even so, who knew what immense weight it was supporting that might come down if it were disturbed?

Jack Havant came home, muddy but cheerful. Things were looking up on the land; five of his tenants had promised to pay something on account of rent five years overdue next rent day, if only he would drain them a few more meadows and install electric light.

"You like secret panels and things," he said to me. "I'll show you one."

HE pushed aside the portrait of some Elizabethan Havant, and pressed a fairly obvious indentation in the panel. It slid aside, uncovering a large built-in safe. "My father's wheeze. He didn't like banks. Lost quite a packet when the Bank of Britannia went broke in 1908, and always kept the whole load of the stuff on the premises ever since. Negotiable securities and cash, old fellow, to the tune of a couple of hundred thousand. All the rest in gilt-edged. The family jewels, too."

"What!" I said. "Are you letting all that money lie idle? It's a crime."

"Oh, I don't know. I don't need the interest and the governor would have wanted it this way. And, let me tell you, it's a jolly fine safe. The combination spells out Havant in code-numbers. You wouldn't guess in a thousand years. See—the eighth letter of the alphabet is H. A is number one. V is twenty-two. . . . A again, fourteen for N, twenty for T, and open she pops. Cunning, what?"

I said: "Unbelievable!"

At dinner he offered me a penny for my thoughts. I did not tell him that I

was thinking of the most inconspicuous way to get a sack or two of quick-drying cement and a few buckets of water and some tools into my passage by the fireplace.

But I was estate manager, and could do as I pleased in the house. I even grew gay over the port. Havant swore that he had never seen me in better spirits. Before the night was out, I had devised an air-tight scheme, to be put into effect on rent day, when all the servants were allowed to join the peasantry in an orgy of beef and beer and rustic dancing, and the house would be empty when Havant and I returned from accepting the usual promises in lieu of rent. . . .

Now, as will become apparent, I really must be brief, even terse. As I planned, Havant and I came home in the late afternoon and sat in the library drinking cool ale. I drew his attention to the motto over the fireplace. He explained in his ham-handed way what it meant—how the only thing that is written to your credit at long last is what you give away. Saying that I wanted to examine it more closely, I climbed on a chair. He did not see me press the first five buttons.

Saying: "Feel this, Jack, it seems loose," I let him press the sixth. And the door opened. He bellowed like a bull in his surprise and joy.

"Here's one they never found, Charlie my boy. What fun! Let's explore. I'll get a couple of hurricane-lamps."

He did so. He went down. I let him lead the way. When he came to the blank wall, he said: "Nothing, after all. Still, it was fun. . . . But I say, what's in those sacks?"

He bent to look closer and my knife went in scientifically under his left shoulder-blade. He straightened with a gasp, looked at me unbelievably, and fell. I never thought so big a man could die so easily.

Then I went to work, always keeping an eye on his dead body. I worked like a madman. In spite of my game leg, I was always strong in the back, and the heat was suffocating and the stones were heavy.

At last Havant was blotted from sight and I paused to wipe my face. Everything had gone according to plan. I would leave him there, go back up the passage, close the secret door, empty the safe, leave the study locked behind me, go to bed and wait.

AND here would be a mystery to puzzle the police and put a few shillings into the pockets of the scribblers for the Sunday newspapers. Even if someone happened upon the secret of the passage months or years hence they would find my wall overgrown with moss—a dead end without a clue, once I had removed the remains of my cement and buckets and tools. Meanwhile it was me—after a decent interval—me for the wide Atlantic and the conquest of New York. With the last ounce of my strength I forced the last stone into position and turned to go.

I was stopped by a blank surface of ancient mossy stone.

I turned again, and saw the new surface of the wall I had made; and the shocking truth struck me like a blow to the heart.

For the last time I had started on the wrong side of things. I had walled Havant out, and myself in. . . .

. . . I must have left a tiny aperture in the masonry—not quite enough for air to breathe, only sufficient to admit sound.

The butler is calling for the doctor, crying: "Sir John's breathing. Run!" Somebody else is saying: "Queer. There's nowt but a dead end here. Where's little hobbledy-peg?"

Another: "Oh, he can't run very far."

If I called for help now, Jack Havant would forgive me—that would be his way. But I have been forgiven to death.

Nor would they reach me in time; even the hurricane-lamps are burning dim.

This time I built too well. THE END

© Gerald Kersh, 1959

Everybody's Puzzling

BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

John is exactly 6 ft. tall, and the top of his head is 6 in. above his eyes. He wants to get a flat mirror to fix vertically on his bedroom wardrobe door.

What is the shortest mirror, and how high must the top of it be, so that he can see his whole height, without bending or moving about?

QUIZZLE

The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

CLUE DOWN

- A. Ancient caravan route and pilgrimage, taken by Flecker's Hassan (3, 6, 4, 2, 9).

CLUES ACROSS

- A. Rich, woven material.
B. Till now.
C. Tombstone inscription.
D. Checked cotton cloth.
E. Dried, violet-scented root used in perfumery.
F. Robin Hood's standby.
G. Alpine peasant skirt.
H. It circles round the middle of the globe.
I. One who tends cattle (4-4).
J. Decorative straw made from palm leaf.
K. Path of a heavenly body.
L. Imitative contrivance.
M. Dutch earthenware pottery.
N. Small slab or panel for inscription.
O. Sea air is said to contain it.
P. Victorian test-piece of embroidery.
Q. Lamb skin with curled wool, used as fur.
R. Costly fur from skin of small animal.
S. Bony outgrowth on the head of a deer.
T. Fame.
U. Russian whip.
V. Twisted.
W. Beautiful mythical maiden.
X. Warship.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48		

A	1	2							
B		3				4			
C			5	6					
D		7			8				
E	9	10							
F	11					12			
G	13		14						
H				15	16				
I						17	18	19	
J	20					21			
K	22		23						
L		24		25			26		
M		27							
N			28		29				
O	30		31						
P	32						33		
Q		34					35		
R	36		37						
S	38			39					
T				40	41				
U		42		43					
V	44								
W					45				
X	46				47		48		

NOW TURN TO PAGE 22 FOR THE ANSWERS

LIONEL DAVIDSON
makes a personal
call on
FRANKIE VAUGHAN

Mr. Song and Dance



It's all part of the act—yet when Frankie Vaughan goes down among his audience he makes each girl he speaks to feel like a friend. "People don't understand teenagers," he says. "I do. It's my business"

IN the darkened auditorium, excitement is building up. Onstage, the star of the show has picked up his celebrated props, a top hat and a cane. Now, eyes glinting boldly in the pouring limelight, he paces slowly, on beat, to the footlights, and stands smiling up to the gallery.

"Gimme the moonlight," he says softly and deliberately. A vast sigh exhales from the darkness.

"Gimme the girl." Gasps from the gallery.

"And leave the rest . . . to . . . me. . ."

In a wave of shrieks, the star springs lithely from the stage and, kissing a hand here, touching a cheek there, makes his way among the audience.

Frankie Vaughan, born Frank Abelson, the upholsterer's son from Leeds, is enjoying himself at the London Palladium. He has been enjoying himself for eight weeks—and this week ends the longest single-star run at the theatre for thirty years, a fact that establishes him as the biggest drawing name in the business.

Why this should be is something of a mystery (except to his Russian-born grandmother, who describes him as her "Number Vawn singer"—hence the name). His voice is unexceptional. His looks are only conventionally handsome. His vitality is more than equalled by younger rivals.

Nonetheless, at thirty-two he is at the top, and in the opinion of those who should know, is likely to stay there, taking his place with such international "greats" as Crosby and Sinatra. The mysterious something Vaughan possesses seems to be "star quality." I went backstage to inspect it at closer range.

The star dressing-room at the London Palladium is a small suite, of

dressing-room and changing-room. Outside stands a small covey of functionaries, including Vaughan's secretary and his assistant manager, to protect him from his well-wishers.

Inside is a couch, a few chairs, a television set, a trolley set with drinks and a bowl of fruit. The walls are papered with congratulatory telegrams. Lipstick greetings are on the mirror. Built into one wall is a loudspeaker, a monitor from the stage to let the star know the progress of the show.

Vaughan emerged from the changing room in an old grey dressing-gown and long black silk socks. Dark-eyed, ebony-haired, broad in the shoulder and slim in the waist, he carries the

dedicated air of some bullfighter at his pre-fight devotions.

He greeted me politely, offered me a drink, and said to ask him what I wanted.

There was a lot I wanted to ask. The shrieks I had heard from the gallery had not been particularly hysterical, but this was, after all, the London Palladium, the temple of variety. In less august surroundings in Bristol last year several hundred girls had rushed the stage. Vaughan had been bruised, his pianist had got a bleeding nose, and the manager of the theatre and six stewards had been beaten over the head.

I asked if he deliberately set out to

create such a furore and whether he considered it of value to his career.

Vaughan laced his fingers and looked down at his neatly clad legs. "Of course not. Bristol, I admit, was my own fault. My entrance and exit were through the public, and I got too near them. That was the trouble.

"With an exciting kind of song, you mustn't get too near the public. This one had a big, solid beat, and I took an exit on it. I shouldn't have taken an exit with that song. A girl caught my arm, and just for a moment I paused. Immediately they were all on to me. It was ridiculous. They tumbled over each other. Do I need that kind of thing?"

"But you do play up to shrieks . . . isn't that so?"

"Ah, these shrieks," Vaughan said. "I wish people would just try to understand about the shrieks. The kids want to shriek. They want to yell. They wait for an opportunity to do it. The singer gives a groan, a grunt . . . whatever it is he does . . . and they shriek. It's like saying to them: 'When I put up my hand I want you all to bawl at the top of your voices.' Is that so bad?"

Shriek for sex

"They seem to shriek loudest at the sexiest songs."

"So?" Vaughan said seriously.

"Isn't that unhealthy?"

"Unhealthy? Why unhealthy?"

"It's surely not very wholesome to encourage teenagers to indulge in a glorification of sex for its own sake?"

Vaughan put his hands on the seat of his chair and see-sawed on them for a moment. "This sex angle is very much overplayed," he said. "The trouble is, people don't understand this young generation. They don't want to understand them."

"Do you understand them?"

"Yes, I do. I make it my business

Frankie and his wife Stella shared poverty. Often they went hungry

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY



Mr. Song and Dance

continued from previous page

to understand them. The reason is because I want to live with them, and with myself. I don't know if I can make it clear. . . . Teenagers today feel they've missed something. Life is terribly normal. Some big thing happened just before their time, something very exciting that involved everybody else. And we're all still talking about it. It makes them bored with their own lives. Something is lacking.

"It's not purely a matter of sex. They want an attitude, an approach, a way of looking at life. They want to follow somebody they like and respect. So I try to give them this. I try to indicate they shouldn't take things too seriously. I sing these songs with my tongue in my cheek. I make a joke of it. I have fun with them. I try to give a happy approach. There have always been show business idols—sex symbols, if you like. Valentino was such a symbol."

Putting it over

I said: "Would you say it's your instinctive awareness of this kind of feeling that has made you a star?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. What I put across is something different still. I try to create a cheerful atmosphere, a happy atmosphere."

I asked him how he had started in the theatre. He told me he had been born in Liverpool and that the family had moved to Leeds after being bombed out. He had become an art student at Leeds University and, after his army service, had started work as a commercial artist. He had received a thirty-guinea commission to design a stand at Earls Court exhibition and had travelled to London to supervise it.

"That's when I went into show business. I couldn't get any more work and my money ran low, so I thought I'd have a try at singing on the halls. I'd done a bit at army concerts and university rags."

His visits to the main London agents had not been too successful, but at one of them, Bernard Delfont's, his persistence had finally paid off.

"Billy Marsh there saw that I meant to keep coming back, so at last he made me a promise. He said that if I found myself a pianist and a rehearsal room, he would come and hear me."

"I did that. I went to Denmark Street (Tin Pan Alley) and got myself a pianist for an hour for fifteen shillings, and a little studio for five shillings. Then I telephoned Billy Marsh and he came round. When I'd finished, he said he would put me in the bill at a theatre in Kingston for a one-night trial the following night. That's how it started."

"I believe you stopped the show."

"Yes, it was like that."

"How in fact do you stop a show? What happens? A lot of applause?"

Vaughan looked down, smiling. "Yes, applause . . . sort of surprise applause. It's when an artist suddenly creates a new kind of atmosphere. There is a feeling in the air, a wonderful feeling. The audience shouts for more. They are aware of a new talent."

Stars are born

"Quite ordinary people get this feeling, do they?"

"Yes. Yes, they do. I've seen it happen a few times with other artists. You know when it happens."

There had been a number of interruptions as we talked. Theatrical friends, carefully vetted by the watchdogs outside the suite, had looked in to twit Vaughan on incidents in his performance and to congratulate him on a much-envied eight-week booking at Las Vegas at the end of the summer. Vaughan thanked them modestly, the quietest, and evidently the shyest person in the room.

"I said: 'What happened after your success at Kingston?'"

"Oh, well, things happened pretty

quickly. Billy Marsh booked me right away to be top of the bill at the Manchester Hippodrome at a hundred pounds a week. The press was raving. I had offers from the B.B.C. and Decca.

"But after that, everything kind of went funny. I went on tour—a sort of second-rate tour, off the beaten track. I just faded out. Of course, I learned a lot. But nobody knew of me. I wasn't getting anywhere. It was just work."

"Didn't you make a record with Decca?"

"It was a flop. I was just given the songs to sing. I hadn't even seen them before. I was so raw that I actually did it. Also I recorded in the morning, which is a shocking time for any singer."

"Why is that?"

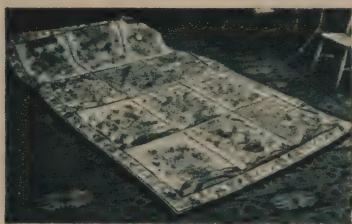
"You can't open up properly. The voice is rough. I've got slight catarrh . . . most singers have . . . and for some reason it's worse in the mornings. Anyway, it was a poor record, and there was no contract forthcoming. It was a frost,

All these events took place in the same year—but

Which year?

National Service was increased in September from eighteen to twenty-four months.

The five-shilling limit on restaurant meals was removed.



Queen Mary gave the nation a carpet to be sold for much-needed dollars.

The most publicised baby of the year, Princess Anne, was born at Clarence House on August 15.

Petrol rationing ended in May.

This year saw the end of the Women's Land Army.

Now turn to page 36 for the year

like everything else I did that first time."

"How old were you then?"

"I started at Kingston when I was twenty-two. I must have been twenty-four, twenty-five when I made a comeback. I was married then. Stella and I came to London and took a bed-sitter in Soho at five guineas a week. We really couldn't afford it, but I had to be near Denmark Street to get work. I was doing one-night stands with small bands in and around London."

"Had your income fallen?"

"It had. On tour I earned around seventy pounds a week. In London I averaged nine pounds. For eighteen months we had it very bad. Often we literally starved. But Stella, you know, she was with me. She looked for no comforts or luxuries. She knew that if we could just keep our heads above water we could get there in the end."

"I was learning a lot. I was beginning to break through a bit. But then Stella started a baby . . . and the landlord wouldn't have children. She hid it as long as she could, and then we got notice to go. We were just about at our wits' end. Accommodation at our price was almost impossible to find at that time."

At this point his mother-in-law had

stepped in with a loan to enable them to pay key money on a flat of their own. The week they moved in, the tide turned for Vaughan. He made another record which was a hit. On the strength of it he was able to get stage work. Within a year he was topping the bill again—this time in major theatres and as a recording star.

I asked if he had ever had his voice trained.

"I had four lessons—about four or five years ago actually. The tutor liked my voice. He said it produced a peculiar sort of sound, a commercial sound. He said he could turn it into a good bass baritone, but he would have to eliminate the commercial sound. That was the end of my singing lessons."

"You'd sooner be a pop singer than a good bass baritone?"

"Yes, I would," Vaughan said. "I can do more this way."

"What is it you want to do?"

"What do I want?" He walked over to the monitor and abstractedly turned it up for a moment. From the stage, the Kaye Sisters were fervently hoping that all our heartaches be forgotten."

"What I want is to be a champion of British show business. I want to be a top international artist. Top in



Arsenal won the F.A. Cup, beating Liverpool 2-0.

A son was born to the Countess of Harewood.



Among the top British films of the year were "The Happiest Days Of Your Life," starring Alastair Sim and Margaret Rutherford, and "The Blue Lamp."

The Stone of Scone was stolen from Westminster Abbey.

America, in Australia, in the whole world."

"A sort of Danny Kaye?"

"Not exactly. I want something different. British show business is different. It should lead the world. It has so much to offer."

"What?"

"The same things Britain has to offer. A certain outlook. It isn't easy to describe exactly what I mean. The thing is, Britain is the greatest country in the world. Our business can reflect this. There's a certain kind of humour, a tolerance of outlook, a broad way of looking at things. There's so much extremism in the world. There's a tendency to forget we're all people. It isn't so easily forgotten in Britain. As a Jew I'm particularly conscious of this."

I recalled that, as a Jew, Vaughan had aroused criticism by accepting bookings in Germany, where he had played to packed houses.

"Germany was a great problem to me," he said. "I refused several times. Then one day I was talking to a man who had been in Dachau concentration camp. He was a brilliant man. They'd done terrible things to him. So I asked this man what I should do. He said I should go. He said it was a very good

thing that Germans should come and applaud a Jew. He said it was the right kind of development. So I went, and I'm glad I did. I feel I made some headway with the teenagers there."

"South Africa, now, I don't want to know about. There they say I can only play to separate houses, whites and blacks. That I can't tolerate. But Germany is different! Here is a country where they're trying to do the decent thing. I mean, you've got to help. You've got to be on the side of life and young people."

Vaughan's interest in young people seems genuine and deep-rooted. Since his tough childhood in the slums of Liverpool, where he was often in trouble with the police, he has given devoted, if well-publicised, service to boys' clubs.

I asked if he regarded this service as repayment for what the clubs had done for him, or as an important mission in its own right.

"Both," Vaughan said. "I think the National Association of Boys' Clubs is the most worthwhile organization of its kind in this country. It keeps boys interested in life—without a bookful of pious rules or uniforms or any of this. I like being associated with such a movement."

"How much work do you do for them?"

"We have an inauguration week for the Frankie Vaughan Talent Contest. Then I do a two-week tour round the country—you know, banging the drum, raising money, generally keeping boys' clubs in the public eye. Also I give the proceeds of one of my records."

Any one of Vaughan's records is likely to net in royalties a sum in excess of £4,000. I asked which had sold most.

In the bank, Frank

"Oh, I think 'Green Door,' 'Garden Of Eden,' maybe 'Give Me The Moonlight.'"

"How about 'Gotta Have Something In The Bank, Frank'?"

"Yes, it did well, about half a million."

I remarked that he, too, was now a Frank with something in a bank. "I've heard your income put at a thousand pounds a week."

"Some weeks it's more," Vaughan said, smiling. "I don't know exactly what it is. It's a lot anyway."

"Has this sudden onrush of wealth made a great difference to your life?"

"To the tax man's, maybe, not mine. It's just figures, you know. Beyond a certain point it doesn't mean anything. Oh, sure, if I want, I can now buy a lot of things. But I don't want a lot of things. I've got a nice car, a nice house. But I'm not an extravagant person. What this kind of money really gives you is confidence—confidence in your ability to make it."

"What is it you want out of life?"

A girl appeared with a cup of coffee and a sandwich.

"How I see myself," Vaughan said, seriously masticating his sandwich, "is really as a person who wants to do what's right. I'm a God-fearing person. I think life should be a happy experience. Too many people think otherwise. Young people must be shown that's wrong. Life is good. It's very good. This is what I believe, and I think of myself as a person with those beliefs. Maybe I'm not putting it too well. I'm also shy," he said, smiling.

"You're no shrinking violet on the stage."

"Ah, that's another thing. I always wanted to show off, too. I wanted to be extra good at something. That's what made me a performer."

I left, but waited in the auditorium for another look at Vaughan the performer. In a few minutes he was on—his shyness, like his old dressing-gown, left in the star suite.

"Gimme the moonlight." The sigh.

"Gimme the girl." Gasps.

"And leave the rest . . . to . . . me. . . ."

In pouring limelight the new-style teacher with the commercial sound was demonstrating his favourite thesis: that life is good, very good. THE END

admires him, a million Austrians back him. He's a quiet revolutionary who wants a crown—and the power to go with it... by GEOFFREY BOCCA

Can Otto lead Europe's kings back to their thrones?



Archduke Otto of Hapsburg with his mother, the Empress Zita. Her strong personality overwhelmed her husband. At Court her voice carried the day



In comparative obscurity, Archduke Otto lives with his wife and five daughters in a mansion by the Lake of Starnberg in Bavaria. But behind the family man there lurks an ambitious schemer who plans to restore Europe's oldest dynasty to the Austrian throne

If loneliness is the price of sovereignty, it is a price most monarchs consider well worth paying for their thrones. It is true that in 1935 King George II of Greece was not too eager to leave the comfort of Brown's Hotel, London, to return to a land that had kicked him out twelve years earlier. But that was not because he shrank from the servitude and grandeur of kingship. He simply did not want to be kicked out a second time (and as it happened he was).

Loneliness for the sake of power is one thing. Loneliness for the sake of principle, exile for a dream of royal power, demands altogether more impressive and, perhaps, more sinister virtues in a man.

From the windows of a small stuccoed mansion in a Bavarian village, the scion of a family which once claimed nearly all Europe as its own estate regards the world around him and takes comfort.

Down in the village of Pöcking workmen whistle at their jobs as the hammers bang and the planks clank. Thirty kilometres away Munich has grown from the rubble of 1945 into as tremendous a city as ever it was, and a more prosperous city than it has ever been.

Otto of Hapsburg, a man who sees books in brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything, has watched the *Deutsche Wunder* from the start. He has seen the miracle of a people who have pulled themselves up from an obliterating defeat and made themselves the most powerful nation in Europe in scarcely a decade, and he has applied the principle to his own cause.

Otto's defeats have been many. Some have been humiliating and some heartbreaking, but he has borne them with dignity.

He is a swarthy, handsome man, now in his forties and slender with good health, young-looking despite his receding hair.

He lives only for the cause that sustains him. He gives the impression that, should he allow it to die, he would soon afterwards fade away into a ghost.

A hearty campaigner

Naturally a shy man, Otto has used his exceptional intelligence to realize that shyness will get him nowhere in the direction he wants to go. He has accordingly cultivated a political campaign heartiness, bursting in through doors and making his supporters wince with bone-crushing handshakes.

He talks with a brilliance and understanding of foreign affairs, which is at once the gift and the weakness of princes. Since James I became the wisest fool in Christendom, princes have impressed listeners with the breadth of their knowledge, only to fold up when practical issues confront them.

This Otto is not likely to do. Already he has achieved something that no other pretender, not even the Count of Paris, can match. He has gathered to his cause a group of monarchists in Austria which may number between one and two million, who are fanatically loyal to him personally; men interested not in the Hapsburg family but in Otto of Hapsburg.

To understand the extent of that achievement, one must remember in what tatters Otto's father left the reputation of his family, and what a weight of history Otto has had to climb over. For the Otto story and how he has done what he has done one need go no farther back than to his childhood.

He was four when the Emperor Franz Joseph died. On his deathbed the old emperor said: "Nothing has

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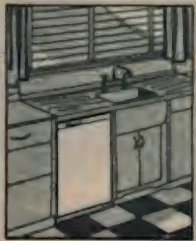
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The uneasy heads

continued from page 15

been spared me"—and, indeed, little had.

His wife, the Empress Elizabeth, had been assassinated by a fanatic. His brother Maximilian, who had been made Emperor of Mexico, was shot. His son Rudolf committed suicide at Mayerling, and his nephew, Franz Ferdinand, was assassinated with his wife at Sarajevo.

Franz Joseph was eighty-six years old and had reigned for sixty-eight years. He had lived through the sweet but poisonous autumn of an empire in the last stages of maturity, and even as he died he could see it collapsing.

His funeral on November 21, 1916, marked the first public appearance of the exceptionally pretty, dark-haired little boy of four years old, the Archduke Otto, who walked solemnly between his father, the new Emperor Charles I of Austria and IV of Hungary, and his mother, the Empress Zita, a princess of Bourbon Parma.

After his physical beauty the most noticeable thing about Otto was his almost unearthly solemnity. It was more than mere gravity. He gave the impression that in his short life so far no smile had ever lightened his lips.

Loathed the Kaiser

Zita's personality completely overwhelmed that of her husband. Charles was a good man, but mediocre, always ready to act on impulse, and then blame others. Zita was ambitious and so had the deciding voice at court.

The Dual Monarchy was on the point of collapse, the flower of its young aristocracy killed on the Russian front, bled white by a war it was fighting at the skirts of its mighty ally, Germany. No one could blame the present régime for that. Zita loathed the Kaiser Wilhelm, and with the hunger for secret intrigue that had historically characterized her family was soon putting out feelers to the Allies for peace.

Meanwhile little Otto was taken to Budapest for the coronation. It made a deep impression on him and from that time forward Hungary remained the country he loved best.

The collapse of the central powers found Charles and Zita at Vienna with chunks falling out of their empire like parts out of a Mack Sennett automobile. The atmosphere at Schönbrunn reflected the degradation. In a court where protocol had been greater even than that of Spain, the white-uniformed Life Guards, all six-foot giants, now lounged at their posts or dozed fitfully in the corridors with their huge feet outspread, while children played around the desk of the listless emperor.

Alarm in Britain

Charles was advised to get out of Austria and follow the example of the Kaiser Wilhelm, who had scampered out of Germany into Holland. But he was not without courage. He went with his family to the Castle of Eckartsau, near the Danube, and declared that there he would stay, in spite of the formation of a Socialist government and the destitution of his rights as emperor.

In Britain alarm was felt for his safety, and a British officer, Colonel Strutt, was dispatched to Austria to protect him and make him see reason. The officer was blunt. "Look here, Your Majesty," he said. "There has been a lot of bloodshed in this country, and if Your Majesty does not go there will be more."

Charles, it is said, was "a man born to shiver in the draught of an open mind." He agreed and elected to depart at once.

By this time the kings of Europe were gone or going. To the mass of Europeans who had had their fill of dying for the ambitions of kings, names

like Hohenzollern, Hapsburg and Romanoff were still the names of fiends. It remained for Charles, whether for better or worse, to reduce them from fiends to fools.

Charles, Zita and their children, now numbering five and a sixth on the way, moved to Switzerland and decided at first to live at Warteg, on Lake Constance, where they could be near to Austria.

But that was just what the Swiss Government objected to. From their neutral frontiers they had watched Charles and Zita operate. They had seen Charles's manoeuvres for peace behind Kaiser Wilhelm's back, and they knew from experience Zita's passion for intrigue. Politely but firmly they moved the family to the Castle of Hertenstein, on Lake Lucerne, and then kept a careful watch on all

roads leading into and out of Austria.

They had forgotten about Hungary. Hardly a month passed before couriers, whispering in Magyar, were sneaking to and fro across the Swiss border. Irritated, the Swiss authorities moved the family once more to the Castle of Prangins, near Geneva, where they had a splendidly therapeutic view of republican France.

There the family remained for two years while Zita had her sixth and seventh children, and the plots and conspiracies went on because Charles and Zita, with a thousand years of middle-European intrigue behind them, were incapable of anything else.

Austria they had given up for lost, but Hungary was a different matter. Admiral Horthy, in November, 1919, had ridden into Budapest at the head of his Nationalist army and announced he was acting as lieutenant of his sovereign minister Charles, to whom he would cede power as soon as circumstances permitted. He was forthwith elected regent.

This had filled the conspirators in

Switzerland with joy. They Magyarized their names and insisted that the children speak Hungarian. Liaison was set up with legitimists in Hungary, but, although he tried, Charles was not able to get in touch with Horthy, who remained brusquely non-committal.

Finally, with a gesture so ludicrous it would be surpassed only once in his lifetime (by another gesture from the same person), Charles decided to enter Hungary alone and claim his throne.

On March 26, 1921, he disguised himself in goggles and a false moustache, crossed the border secretly into Austria and through to Hungary.

From within the Hungarian border he dispatched at night two trusted couriers to the Regent Horthy. He borrowed an officer's uniform, travelled to Budapest and admitted himself to the Prime Minister's residence, where he settled down to wait for his Regent.

Horthy was horrified.

He had sent his ambassadors for guidance to various foreign capitals, to inquire as to whether they would permit Charles to return as King of



My Skin Is Too Thin

I'm like a clam when men deride
My views, expressed so well,
(But wish I had a tougher hide
Or, like a clam, a shell.)

RUTH CHADWICK

Sticky Interview

"I expect you have had some exciting experiences during your fifty years on the railways, Mr. Blunt?"

"Do you? Why should you think that?"

"Well, er, collisions and stolen mailbags and runaway trains and so on. I thought railwaymen had lots of romance in their lives."

"Who says I haven't had any romance in my life? My Ruth is still Queen of my Heart and I'll clock anyone who says she isn't."

"I never meant for a moment to cast any doubts on your love for Mrs. Blunt. I was thinking—"

"How's Mrs. Blunt come into it? You keep changing the subject so fast I can't keep up with you."

"What was the most thrilling

The defendant, members of the jury, claims that at the time of the crime he was taking part in a play produced by the local dramatic society. It was a drama of underworld life entitled *Gun-Crazy Doll*, and he took the part of Armour-Plated Al.

In the extracts from the play that were given in evidence a good deal turned on whether Al had an alibi, and you will remember that he attempted to fake one by disguising himself as his twin brother. As both parts were played by the defendant he was, according to his story, almost continuously on the stage.

Now the prosecution have invited you to believe that during the actual performance a twin brother of the defendant's took over the part of his twin brother in the play, thus enabling him to slip out and commit the crime with which he is now charged.

Under cross-examination he admitted that he did have a twin brother, but said that he was quite incapable of acting. However, the prosecution pointed out that the critic of the local paper used those very words of his performance.

Now I come to the evidence of the gentleman who played the detective....

R. G. G. PRICE

Modern Mode Victorian girls, with frosty glances,
Tended to repulse advances.
Modern maids reverse results,
Tending to advance the pulse!

NOEL SCOTT

moment of your railway career?"

"Being promoted. I was due for promotion and I got promoted."

"Very commendable, I'm sure. Well, do you remember any particularly amusing incidents?"

"Old Bill Horse once said: 'Nothing comes up to a B2

reciprocating sprock-rod,' when he meant 'a B2 reacting rod-sprocket.' That was back in 1919, that was."

"Ha ha! Have you any message for young railwaymen?"

"No."

HOWARD BROOKES



A little bit of horror does you good

THE creator of Sherlock Holmes, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, whose centenary we celebrate this week, was fond of telling his friends a story about himself, a story he might have called *The Mystery Of The Laughing Cab Driver*.

The man had driven him to Victoria Station and Sir Arthur had tipped him handsomely. Nevertheless, the cabby was examining the coins most intently. "Excuse me, sir," he said at last, holding up a florin, "but were you recently in Birmingham?"

"I was."

"And"—looking carefully at a sixpence—"were you in Oxford not so long ago?"

"How remarkable!" exclaimed Sir Arthur. "Indeed I was. However did you know?"

"Elementary," said the man with a knowing leer. "Deduction, that's what it was, same as your Sherlock Holmes used." And the man tipped his hat, whipped up his old horse and cloppered off into the night, roaring with laughter.

"For weeks," Sir Arthur used to tell his friends, "I tried to solve the mystery of the laughing cabbie, and how he had so cleverly deduced my recent movements."

Doyle lay awake at nights trying to solve the problem. At last he put it to his wife, Lady Doyle yawned, muttered: "Don't be silly, Arthur, the man noticed the labels on your luggage," and fell asleep again.

Spine-chilling hound

If Doyle could not always solve mysteries he could certainly create most satisfying ones.

The Hound Of The Baskervilles is his, and I notice that it has recently been made into a spine-chilling film. What mass interest Doyle now arouses comes more from his thrillers or, as perhaps I should call them, his spine-chillers.

Most of us today, apparently, do not want neat, intellectual mysteries to solve. We want horror.

Not so long ago there were rare goings-on in a Glasgow cemetery. Hundreds of those freckled, tough children who seem to abound in that city suddenly marched on Hutchesontown cemetery with sticks and stones. They were looking, they said, for a vampire, "a monster with iron teeth," that rumour said was around.

Of course, all sorts of people who do not recognize a modern fairy story when they see one, saw in this incident a terrible symptom of

our times. It was all the doing of those beastly horror comics. Today we all, children and so-called grown-ups, sup too full of horrors in our reading and in our films.

Perhaps we do. I believe I know why.

Let me tell you about some soldiers, just back in England from the very real horrors of the beaches of Dunkirk in 1940. They thumbed a lift in a car in which I was travelling.

We offered to drive them anywhere. Where did they want to go? "The pictures."

Now I understand

I remember thinking what an extraordinary place for them to be going. They would watch some shallow, celluloid drama of popping pistol-shots and cowboys on a screen where they had, only twenty-four hours before, been taking part in one of the greatest real-life dramas of this or any age.

Now I understand those men better.

Then I had never been frightened. Today we all have. We all know that there is real horror ready to stalk across our world. Our half-buried fear of germs virulent enough to kill whole nations, bombs terrible enough to blast and blight life off the face of the earth, make us crave—as those shocked Dunkirk soldiers did—for a taste of artificial fear, of horror, on a small, controllable scale.

Show us, on the screen, *The Thing*. Let us see what "the bravest man feared to face," something that turns out to be only the hound Doyle wrote about. Not too bad, we decide. And so we feel better, and braver, and a little bit more ready to face anything, when we come out of the cinema from our horror films into the light of ordinary day.

I certainly do not like some of the muck, sex and sadism that is dished up for us in the mistaken belief that that is the kind of horror for which we are craving. But horror, in some form, most people today do seem to need.

I do not particularly approve of pep-pills or sedatives, but I could not do without them. And the world being what it is, I think a lot of people could not get along without peppering their courage up a bit by submitting themselves, occasionally, to an evening in the presence of *The Thing* that sends a chill down every spine in the two-and-fours.

THE END

continued from previous page

Hungary. In Rome Count Sforza, the Italian Foreign Minister, had clapped his hand to his brow and exclaimed, "L'Empereur Charles? Jamais!" That was pretty uncompromising but mild compared to the reaction in Prague of Edward Benes, who said flatly that a restoration of the Hapsburgs would be considered by Czechoslovakia and the other members of the Little Entente a *casus belli*.

All this Horthy, a good patriot and an instinctive monarchist, turned over in his mind as he set out for what would inevitably be a delicate and embarrassing interview. The trouble was that he also liked the King.

Charles was waiting for him in the courtyard of the Prime Minister's residence, sitting on the side of a fountain in his Hungarian officer's uniform, watching the water play and munching salami which he was cutting from a large sausage with a knife—not a regal picture. At the sight of Horthy he threw the salami away and with a cry of delight flung his arms around him.

Calming down after his first emotion, he inquired why no guard of honour had been turned out for him. He reminded Horthy that this was their first meeting since two and a half years before, when the admiral had given him the news of the surrender of the Hungarian fleet. He said how happy he was to be back, and how horribly he was treated in exile by the beastly Swiss.

Invasion threat

All this Horthy heard in a dismayed silence. When his turn came to speak he chose his words carefully. He assured the emperor that if he (Horthy) could recall him it would mark the happiest possible termination of his office.

"Your Majesty should consider, however," Horthy went on, "that the very moment I hand the reins of office over to the King the armies of neighbouring states will cross our frontiers. We have nothing with which to oppose them in the field. Your Majesty will then be forced to return to Switzerland. Hungary will be occupied by foreign troops, and the evil resulting from renewed occupation will be incalculable."

Charles had been warned in advance by Zita to bluff it out. He played his trump card, and announced that he had come with the approval of the Allied powers.

Horthy blinked in astonishment. As Horthy himself has recorded: "I could not doubt for one moment that His Majesty was speaking in good faith." In other words, he knew that Charles was lying in his teeth.

Courteously Horthy asked for details, and Charles, his bluff called, muttered sulkily the word "Briand"—Aristide Briand, Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of France, and a man whose word few of the nations of Europe would then care to dispute.

Horthy persisted. "Has Your Majesty had a personal conversation with Briand?"

"No," said Charles. "Only through intermediaries."

Remorselessly pressing for details, Horthy elicited blurred assurances which seemed to suggest something to the effect that Prince Sixtus, Zita's brother, had talked to somebody who had talked to Briand about something or other.

Horthy relaxed. "Should Briand accept the responsibility," he said, "I shall gladly restore your hereditary rights to Your Majesty. Should the answer be unfavourable I shall have to beg Your Majesty to leave the country immediately before your presence here becomes more generally known."

The discussion had lasted two hours. Charles, thick with emotion, now presented Horthy with the Grand Cross of the Military Order of Maria Thérèse and conferred upon him the title of Duke of Otranto and Szeged. Otranto

was a naval base which Horthy had commanded with distinction.

Charles was doubtless in too confused a state to recall that the title of Duke of Otranto had also been conferred by Napoleon on Joseph Fouché, the French turncoat who had spun round to accommodate himself to so many different régimes that in the end he ran out of régimes and ended his life in discredited exile. When Charles had gone Horthy contemptuously threw the decoration aside and ignored the title.

Charles was sent under military escort to the border and slunk back to Switzerland.

When the news leaked out everybody was furious. The English, the French, the Yugoslavs, the Italians deafened the unfortunate Hungarian Foreign Office with protests. The Czech Minister in Budapest called in threatening blood-curdling reprisals, and he looked in again every day thereafter as new and more devastating variations on the theme occurred to him. In Switzerland the authorities vented their own anger on the royal family and warned them on pain of expulsion to get up to no more tricks. How could they understand that intrigue to Charles was not a conscious thought process but an instinct?

In October Charles was back in Hungary again with Zita and four thousand *soi-disant* soldiers. He had taken advantage of some local elections at Sopron to fly in with the collusion of a couple of officers, Colonel Lehar and Major Ostenburg. These men shared Charles's conviction that he had merely to present himself to his people in Budapest for all the hideous past to melt into a gorgeous present.

The two officers had under their command a band of conscripts who were more gendarmes than soldiers, simple Magyar peasants who took an oath of loyalty without question, being trained by instinct to passive acceptance of whatever their superiors told them to do.

All boarded a train and chugged towards Budapest. Everybody but the little train-load of laughing simple people realized that this was civil war. In Belgrade the Yugoslav Government immediately called up three classes of reservists. Rumania prepared partial mobilization. Meanwhile the Hungarian Army, under General Gombos, blew up the tracks, and as the little band of bewildered mercenaries fanned out under the orders of their officers, there was a rattle of bullets, and a few of them fell dead.

Undignified arrest

With this sound Charles and Zita came to their senses. They realized that they were responsible for the shedding of the blood of their own subjects. All around them their soldiers were packing up and heading for the woods. Charles and Zita were left alone to face undignified arrest at Tihany.

Horthy's first words to the King were of cold anger. "Your Majesties," he said, "must go."

Charles, his nerve utterly gone, yielded. He would go anywhere. But where?

The Admiralty in London sent a naval vessel to take them down the Danube. But first Charles was forced to sign a deposition renouncing his claims to the throne.

The question now was where they could possibly live. Switzerland would have nothing more to do with them. Other countries petitioned for asylum.

£1,000 CROSSWORD COMPETITION

The judges are now checking the huge entry received for our free £1,000 Crossword Competition which closed last week. The result will be announced as soon as possible.

Can a gnat forecast your holiday weather?

Rheumatism, red skies, seaweed... there are three thousand pet theories to guide you. And often they prove the experts wrong



On holiday in Somerset, Cliff Clifton, one of the Air Ministry's team of weather forecasters, watched the gnats climb high over the river where he was fishing. According to books on weather lore, this was a sign of fine weather to come.

Clifton did not agree. He looked at the advancing bank of cloud, packed up his fishing tackle and walked back to his hotel. Five minutes later there was a thunderstorm.

"That incident illustrates my attitude to most weather lore," he says precisely. "By and large, it's bunkum."

Though his opinion is shared by nearly every other professional meteorologist, amateur forecasters are equally convinced that many weather jingles contain a strong element of truth.

A book published by the Royal Meteorological Society lists more than three thousand sayings which take note of the sun, stars, sky and cloud, the growth of plants and trees, and the movement of insects, animals and birds. Many farmers scorn the official forecasts.

In August, 1956, Cleethorpes town

council organized a contest between Harry Boon, a local man, and the Air Ministry's regional forecaster. They were worried about the effect which official forecasts of rain were having on trade. The judges gave five marks each day for a completely accurate forecast, and deducted one mark for each part of the forecast which was wrong. At the end of the month, Boon had scored 127 and the Air Ministry 123, out of 155 marks. Boon's method was based largely on observation of swallows and gnats.

Based on fact

Clifton recognizes that for short periods local forecasters may do better than professional meteorologists. "British weather is so changeable that there may be rain one side of a river and sun the other. How can we hope to make forecasts as detailed as that?" he says. He also concedes a solid basis of scientific fact behind a very few of the sayings of weather lore.

One such jingle is: "Red sky at

night, shepherd's delight; red sky at morning, shepherd's warning." The red is caused by reflection of the sun from high cloud which precedes or follows rain.

Rain in Britain usually moves from west to east. A red sky at night, in the west, means that the sun is shining on the tail-end of a rain-belt. When the morning sky is red, the sun is shining from the east on the front-end of a rain-belt.

One meteorologist who analysed the results of red skies over a period of two years found that the jingle was right seven times out of ten. He also found that a green or yellow sunset means rain four out of five times.

"A curdled sky, more wet than dry" is also true. Cirro-cumulus cloud is almost invariably a precursor of rain. "Thunder in spring, cold will bring" is based on the fact that thunder hardly ever occurs at this time of the year unless the air stream is from the Arctic Circle.

But much weather lore consists of

sayings which, though they can be justified scientifically, are unreliable.

"I'm prepared to accept that gnats are sensitive to minute pressure changes, and fly higher as the barometer goes up," says Clifton. "But as a meteorologist I know that a rising barometer needn't mean fine weather. Seaweeds which pop, and fir-cones which open and close with changes in humidity, are guides. But common sense would probably lead a person to the same conclusion."

One widely used saying is: "Rain before seven, fine before eleven." In Britain, rain often comes in belts which last four to five hours. But rain can last all day when a depression is centred over the country.

The saying, "Fine weather will follow enough blue sky to make a pair of Dutchman's trousers," characteristically vague, can be correct if the summer sun burns up the cloud. But just as often the clouds build up and produce thunderstorms.

Rheumatic sufferers are traditional forecasters of rain. But a meteorologist who made a survey of a thousand cases in 1948 was unable to prove a link between rheumatism and the weather.

Clifton thinks that one of the difficulties with weather lore is that much of it comes from observations by Aristotle in about 400 B.C.

This is guess-work

While the doggerels may have been true of Grecian weather, they were passed on haphazardly via the Romans to almost every other European country. Versions of the "red sky at night" rhyme exist in China, Greece, Israel, Italy, France and Germany.

Although many short-term weather lore predictions have some scientific foundation, long-term predictions are guess-work, says Clifton. Nobody has yet found a connection between the weather and the movement of the moon, sun and stars, on which many predictions depend.

In the autumn of 1948, Highland deer came down from the Scottish mountains and raided farms, which was taken as a sign of a severe winter to come. It turned out to be one of the mildest Britain has had since the war.

Doggerels often vary from county to county. In Cornwall, March is supposed to come in like a lamb and go out like a lion; in neighbouring Devon it is the other way around.

Some favourite long-term predictions concern the oak and the ash. The most widely known version says: "If the oak before the ash, then we'll only have a splash; if the ash before the oak, then we'll surely have a soak." But other versions say the opposite, rhyming "oak" with "choke"—a medieval word for drought—or with "fire and smoke," indicating that there will be no rain.

Another version is happily non-committal: "If the oak before the ash comes out, there has been or there will be drought."

Says Clifton: "It leaves a pretty wide margin for error." THE END

by FRANCIS HITCHING

were either adamant from the start, or else inquired first about the royal family's bank balances, and became adamant when they learned the answer. Eventually the Portuguese Government was persuaded to give them a home in Funchal, Madeira, and the family was glad to accept.

Not so many years had passed since the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, falling ill, had been advised by her doctors to go to Madeira for her health, and Queen Victoria had been gracious enough to place her own ship at the Empress's disposal for the voyage. For Charles this may well have been the bitterest irony of all.

Now he too was on his way to Madeira, and most certainly it was for the good of his health, and one of His Majesty's ships was taking him, the destroyer Cardiff having put into the Adriatic to pick them up. The last

Emperor of Austria, the last Apostolic King of Hungary, was packed off to exile in a remote and primitive island where, six months later, his spirit broken, he died. He was only thirty-four. Only six apocalyptic years had passed since the funeral, in the full pomp and majesty of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, of Franz Joseph, and the accession of Charles to his throne. Now Charles was taken to his rest and buried in the local cemetery, bequeathing the whole undignified *schweineerei* to little Otto, not quite ten years of age.

Otto was, the eldest of a family of seven brothers and sisters, with an eighth on the way. The solemnity of the boy which had moved observers at the funeral of Franz Joseph was more noticeable now, and it was hardly to be wondered at.

He had lived through a childhood

which could be described as pathological. He had never been to the cinema or read a newspaper. His only playmates were his brothers and sisters, who addressed him as "Your Imperial Highness," and bowed or curtsied to him in the nursery. Friends of the family had come to call him *weltfremd*, or "stranger to the world."

But he could speak six different languages with dazzling fluency and understood others.

Alfonso XIII of Spain, seeing the penniless state of this once proud and still complex family, took pity on their misery. He gave them the hospitality of the Castle of El Prado in Madrid, where Zita had her eighth and last baby, the Archduchess Elizabeth. By now the tragedy of her life and the pigmentation of the Bourbon Parmas had taken their toll of Zita, who was no longer pretty, and a relative who

met her mistook her momentarily, by her appearance, for a servant.

From there they moved to the Castle of Steenockerzeel in Belgium, where the education of the archduke continued as rigorously as ever. No story books, no sport, no sweet Viennese music. His was an education which was to make him one of the gravest young men of our times. At Louvain University he passed two doctorates in political science and economy. After that he settled down, like the Count of Paris, to the serious business of being a king. So far as Hungary was concerned he was dead. True, under Horthy, it continued to call itself a Regency, but the smell of Charles's little *coup d'état* still hung in the air.

Austria was a different matter. The legitimist movement was strong, and

continued on page 35

No wonder Nancy sought solace in the arms of another

Her rival in love was an outsized vegetable . . .

ALTHOUGH it was only eleven o'clock in the morning, Sir John gave me a glass of whisky and a cigar as thick as a broom handle, and sat me down in a great leather armchair.

"Hughes," he said to me, "how long have you lived in Aberdyll?"

"Seventy years," I said. He knew it as well as I did, but Sir John was a great one for telling and asking people things. Little, fat chap he was, with a bald head and a ginger moustache, and a temper to go with it. I wish I had all the money he's made out of Aberdyll Onion Soup, Aberdyll Welsh Broth, Aberdyll Asparagus Tips, and so on, and all in tins.

"And not a thing goes on here but that you don't know all or something about it, eh?"

I nodded. "More or less, Sir John."

"And that's why I asked you to come up here, Hughes. Got a little job for you. Fifty pounds if you bring it off. A little detective work."

"Wouldn't that be more in the line of Jones the Police?" I asked.

"P.C. Jones? No. Good fellow, but he could be in it. Never know what a man will do when it comes to horticultural pride. He's after the Aberdyll Cup, too, you know."

"Ah," I said. "About the onion is it, then?"

"It is, Hughes. Some scoundrel has stolen Williams's onion. Two years he's won my cup, and from what I could see was likely to win it again this year. That would give him the cup for good and five hundred pounds. Wonderful publicity it would be for our soups."

SIR JOHN ran on a bit, telling me about the Aberdyll Onion Cup as though I knew nothing about it. Every year there was a great competition for this cup at the Aberdyll Show. But more than that, Sir John used it for publicity for his tinned soups.

The Aberdyll Onion was something special. In all the papers each year. Entries limited to amateur growers in Aberdyll. Always a good deal of feeling about it in Aberdyll. Sometimes you'd

get so that you didn't want to hear another word about onions . . . the right soil and fertilizers, and so on. Well—some of the chaps used to sit up at nights with their onions, talking to them, maybe . . . egging them on.

"Keep your ear to the ground, make some inquiries, Hughes," Sir John was saying now. "Let me know what scoundrel took Williams's onion. I'll make him regret it."

And he would, too, with that old temper and a J.P., too. So I promised to do what I could and went off to see Williams the Onion—that's what they call him, seeing he'd won the cup twice and had looked like winning it outright.

Dark, quiet young chap he was, strong chapel man, a porter on the railway, and a broken-hearted man. That onion might have been his favourite child.

"I'm telling you, man," he said, "it was in the garden at half past seven. I was working there. And then I come in for a bite of supper"—he's a bachelor and looks after himself in a bit of a cottage behind the station—"and go out again at half past eight just to see it's all right and maybe cover it from the heavy dew, and it's gone. A real shock. Day before yesterday it was. Big as a football almost. There's a lovely colour it was, too."

"Who would you say had the nearest chance of beating you?" I asked him.

"Let's see now. Jones the Police might. Then there's Morgan the Waterworks. And Evans the Pub. Nobody else would have a chance. My own seed, you know. Special. Nothing left now but a big hole dug clean in the ground, man. No doubt whatever, whoever did it took all that soil so they could analyse it and find out my secret feeding. I just can't go through the garden now, Hughes, *bach*. . ."

"No footprints in the soil?"

"Nothing. They could stand on the concrete path and dig it up."

Well, I went along first of all to Jones the Police's place. He was out on his beat, but Mrs. Jones, a sharp little woman with four children, opened the door to me and out with it came a

delicious smell of stew, rich and oniony. But as I sniffed at it Mrs. Jones said to me, a little quick like: "Our own onions, Mr. Hughes, and between half past seven and half past eight the night before last Jones was watching the telly with me and the kids. And now, if you'll pardon me, I'll have to go and take that stew off before it burns."

With Morgan up at the waterworks it was different. He invited me in and gave me a glass of beer and said: "Hughes, *bach*, I'm a timid man. All my life I've lacked courage. Big dreams have been my share, but only little actions. That's why I read so much. I live in the imagination, man. I lack the courage to live in the real world."

HE went on: "We Morgans are poets. Dreamers, not doers. Otherwise I might have stolen Williams's onion. Think of it, man—a soft summer night, full of the smell of the warm earth, shadows, a solitary light from a cottage window and me, spade in hand, stealing like a cut-throat through the gloom. . . . There's a picture, look you." He put his hands in front of him and said: "Put the handcuffs on me, lead me away to prison and I'll write the Ballad of Aberdyll Jail."

Well, poet he might be, but a little drunk he always was, and he didn't have to tell me that between half past seven and half past eight on the night he'd been down at the Aberdyll Arms.

And that's where I went to see Evans the Pub. I went in the back way, which is along a dark little passage, and as I passed through the door someone coming out bumped into me. It was young Phillips the Rolls, that is Sir John's chauffeur—a good-looking, well set up young fellow with fair hair.

I said: "If you're going up to the Hall to drive Sir John out somewhere, Phillips, you'd better wipe the lipstick off your face." Slap in the middle of his right cheek it was, and he looked proper foolish.

Half-way down the passage, Nancy Evans was tidying her hair in a wall mirror. Now you

THE ABERDYLL

A light-hearted detective story by

Victor Cannir

ILLUSTRATED BY COLEMAN

nan.

Young Phillips put his
arms firmly round Nancy's
waist. "Can't see any girl
wanting to be known as Mrs.
Williams the Onion for the
rest of her life," he said

ONION

The Aberdyl onion

continued from page 20



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couldn't miss Nancy, dark, all curves, and as good-natured as a spaniel. I pinched her bottom and went into the bar and she went round behind the counter and pulled me my usual glass of half-and-half. As she handed it to me she said: "That's thirty shillings you've got on the slate, Mr. Hughes."

"I'm expecting a legacy at the end of the week," I said. "Where's your da?"

"In Cardiff where he has been these last three days—so if you're snooping around about the old onion you can forget it. My da wouldn't do such a thing."

"Your da," I said, "would give you a tanning if he caught you kissing young Phillips. And so would Williams the Onion. I thought you two were promised?"

"We've been walking out for three years. It's a long promise. And young Phillips is a mannerly chap."

"If Williams won the cup this year, he'd have five hundred pounds. More than enough to set up a house," I said. "If someone didn't want you and him to marry, look you, it's tempted to pinch the old onion they might be to give themselves more time to get you to change your mind."

"If pigs had wings, they'd fly."

"And where were you between half past seven and half past eight night before last?"

"Looking for gold at the foot of the rainbow, Mr. Hughes." She was a saucy piece but I liked her.

"And where was young Phillips?"

"How should I know?"

"Then I must have been dreaming," I said, "because on my way here that night I could have sworn I seen him and you sitting on the swain embankment not far from Williams's cottage. The foot of that rainbow must have been mighty narrow for you were both squeezed very tight to get under it."

"At your age," said Nancy, "you want glasses."

"I see well enough. Still, though the onion's been stolen, no harm's done."

"What's that?" she asked.

"Williams is no fool. He means to get that cup and the money. I wouldn't tell you this if you weren't practically his fiancée, but he's got another little patch of ground up behind the rectory. He's been growing another prize onion there in secret."

I FINISHED my beer and went out and when I was safely away I couldn't help chuckling at the memory of Nancy's face. I may be old, but there's nothing you can teach me about love.

It was as clear as day that Nancy didn't want to marry Williams any more, and that between her and young Phillips they had done away with the onion. All I had to do was to watch in the little bit of ground behind the rectory that warm summer night and I was sure that either Nancy or Phillips would appear to steal the other onion.

So, just before dark I got up to the little bit of ground by the rectory and made myself comfortable between a couple of gooseberry bushes.

I waited there for about two hours and then things began to happen. There was a noise at the far end of the ground, and then another at my end, and then right across the way from me I heard somebody stumble against a wheelbarrow.

I stood up and switched on a torch and swung it round in a circle. First of all I saw young Nancy and Phillips, blinking in the light like a couple of young owls. Then, swaying by the wheelbarrow was Morgan the Waterworks, and away on my left was Jones the Police.

I gave a little laugh and shook my head. Pretty sheepish they all looked. "Welcome friends," I said. "Nancy's been talking in the pub, is it? And you've all come to steal the onion?"

P.C. Jones, who was in uniform, drew himself up and said with dignity, "I'm here to protect it. Same as you, bach."

Morgan comes weaving across to me, his eyes shining, and said: "Morgan

becomes a doer. Found my courage at last, man. I've come for that onion."

"So have Nancy and I," said young Phillips, with his arms round Nancy. "And we would have taken the first if we'd thought of it. We love each other and she don't want to go through with it with Williams. Can't see any girl wanting to be known as Mrs. Williams the Onion for the rest of her life."

"That's right," said Nancy. "Mrs. Phillips the Rolls for me. I love him."

I looked around at them all and then I said: "You'd better all go home and I'll forget about this. Williams hasn't got a second onion up here."

You should have seen their faces. Anyway, after a bit of argument they left. But I sat there a while, thinking like. Then I went to see Williams.

"Williams," I said, "there's practising a deceit you've been."

"Go away, Hughes, bach," he said. "I am on the horns of a dilemma."

"True," I said. "Proper stuck, too, you are." I told him what I had done and I finished: "But none of the people that come up to the rectory had so much as a spade in their hands. They were going to pull up the onion. But your own was dug up. The work of a true onion lover who couldn't bear to damage so much as a hair of a root."

I walked to a little recess in the corner of the kitchen and pulled the curtain back. There, planted neat and beautiful, in the centre of a wooden tub, was the onion. Man, it was a size.

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

HE shook his head. "It's this dilemma," he said. "If I'd have won the prize this year I'd have got five hundred pounds, and then I would have had to marry Nancy. We're promised."

"And you don't want to marry her?"

"No, man, I don't. She's a nice enough girl. But my heart is with that old onion and everything that grows. What I want is to take that five hundred and start a nursery garden business with it. That would mean a lot of hard work and no time until much later for marriage. But I'm a man of honour—"

I said: "Williams, bach, if you'd had eyes for anything but your onion you'd have saved yourself a lot of trouble. Put it back and win the prize. You don't have to break your word to Nancy. She wants to marry Phillips the Rolls. She don't want to be Mrs. Williams the Onion."

"She don't?"

"No. Put it back, and I'll tell Sir John some story that'll cover you and also do me no harm so far as my fifty pounds is concerned."

You should have seen the way he went over and lifted that tub so lovingly. Once a man like Williams falls in love with a vegetable, his eyes are closed to all women.

THE END

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Answers to Everybody's Puzzling

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

No matter how far John will stand from the mirror, the "picture" he sees will have to travel from him to the mirror and back to him again. Therefore the mirror will have to be half-way along this "journey," and therefore the mirror need be only half the height of John (i.e., 3 ft.). He will have to have the top of it 5 ft. 9 in. above floor level. This height will be 3 in. less than his own height, or half the distance from his eyes to the top of his head.

QUIZZLE

The quotation: I shot an arrow into the air. It fell to earth, I knew not where.—Longfellow.

Clue Down: The Golden Road to Samarkand. Clues Across: (A) Tissue; (B) Hitherto; (C) Epitaph; (D) Gingham; (E) Orris; (F) Longbow; (G) Dirndl; (H) Equator; (I) Neatherd; (J) Raffia; (K) Orbit; (L) Artifice; (M) Delf; (N) Tablet; (O) Ozone; (P) Sampler; (Q) Astrakhan; (R) Mink; (S) Antler; (T) Renown; (U) Knout; (V) Awry; (W) Nymph; (X) Destroyer.

MAKING a home for an elderly parent is a problem that most people have to face sooner or later. Many older people do not have enough money either to live alone or go into a home. Others are not always able to do everything for themselves, and need looking after. Understandably, most of them would rather live with their families than go into an old people's home full of strangers.

It is no use being sentimental about this problem. I believe that most married couples would rather have a home to themselves than share it with an elderly parent, however well loved. And the parent, too, especially a mother, may find it difficult to take a back seat in her son's or daughter's house after a lifetime of running her own.

If these facts are squarely faced at the outset, they can be overcome, and the arrangement can work happily and leave you free to enjoy its many advantages. A granny in the house may be a built-in baby-sitter, delighted to take on the children when you want an evening out. In the daytime, she can deal with visiting tradesmen and the postman if everyone else is out at work, and she probably won't mind looking after the house if you go away. On the other hand, if she is not well and has to stay in bed, it means that you can look after her properly without having to abandon the family and travel across the country to her aid.

The best way to make Granny feel at home, and to avoid the feeling that you are for ever treading on each other's toes, is to give her a home of her own in your house. It may be a one-room home, but, if thoughtfully planned, it can give her the blessed feeling of independence which may well be one of her greatest needs. She probably wants to be on her own as often as you do.

In recent years, the Ministry of Housing, realizing many of the difficulties that old people face living alone, have started to build old people's hostels, where each person has a convenient bed-sitter with good cooking arrangements. Apart from this private room, there are bathrooms and lavatories on each floor which are shared between two or three people. There is also a public sitting-room where old people can gather in the evenings. A warden looks after the whole block, and is always on call night and day in case of sickness.

Some of these flatlet rooms were on show at this year's Ideal Home Exhibition, and many of the ideas used in their design could be of help to you in housing Granny at home.

Choosing the room

The best place for Granny's one-room home is probably on the ground floor. However hale and hearty old people are, they would usually prefer to go up and down stairs as little as possible. In the typical semi-detached house, it may be worth sacrificing a little-used dining-room. If this is conveniently near the kitchen, it will be fairly easy to connect water supply and drains for fitting up washing and kitchenette arrangements in the one-room home. If, however, the dining-room is the passageway to the kitchen it would be better to move the family living-room in here, and convert the room at the front, which can be quite independent.

If possible, provide facilities for washing, if the bathroom is on another floor, also a table cooker or a miniature kitchenette. Illustrated on the next page is one way of converting a fairly typical room. Whether such a conversion is practicable in your case depends on the convenience of water supplies, and the space in the room. A separate kitchenette should be about 7 ft. by 5 ft. If you cannot find this space, and leave

Is there a Granny in the house?

With sensible organization of your household, having a grandparent to stay on a permanent basis can be a workable arrangement



There is a special bond between children and their grandparents. Hours spent together are happy for all

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

a reasonable-sized bed-sitter, it would be best to install a basin in a corner, either in a cupboard, or behind a book-case or wardrobe, and install one of the new electric table cookers or electric frying pans, to make occasional meals, if most meals are taken with the family.

The advantage of making Granny's room a complete flatlet is that the whole family's arrangements are then completely flexible. Granny can eat with you or by herself, according to preference, and she can always have friends in to lunch or tea, without feeling that she is imposing on the family. She can, if she wishes, lead an entirely independent life while still being within reach. If such independence is your aim, the question which must finally govern your choice of room is the plumbing. Call in a plumber before you decide. He will examine the water system, which will certainly be unique, and be able to tell you immediately which room would be the easiest and cheapest to convert.

Planning the room

Before Granny arrives, organize washing and cooking facilities, and install a bed-settee which doesn't look like a bed by day. This should have a head-board in case the old lady ever has to stay in bed. The rest should be left to her. She will certainly have a lot of furniture, rugs and pictures which she would like to keep, and will probably be happiest in a room which is decorated as she likes it.

Make sure that the lighting is

adequate—older people need really good lighting, not only in their own rooms but also in tricky places like staircases. You need to put in a light over the bed, a light by the fireplace, good light over the stove and sink for cooking and washing up. Give her an efficient heating system—old people feel the cold more than younger ones. A two-bar electric fire (with a guard) would probably be best, with a convector to supplement it. A coal fire is not really a practicable proposition for an older person who will not want to carry fuel in and out or empty ashcans. Put a non-slip floor covering on the floor, or if you are already committed to a polished wood or linoleum floor, use a non-slip floor polish or plastic sealer to keep it bright. Put rubber slide-proof netting, or corner pieces of plastic foam strip, under rugs and loose carpets.

To make life easier for her—she probably can't bend and stretch as much as she used to—put electric plugs at waist level, not down in the skirting. Make sure no cupboard is so high or low as to be out of reach. Handles should be at the bottom of wall cupboards, and at the top of low cabinets, to make opening and shutting easier. The bed should be put on easy running castors, to make it easier to pull out for making up. For your own peace of mind and hers, install a bell by Granny's bed which rings in your room, in case she might be taken ill in the middle of the night.

Much petty annoyance will be saved



Plenty of sun; an indoor garden; green trees outside: this room is a pleasant place for relaxation

if you make out a rough timetable for using domestic equipment, washing line and so forth. If you like to wash on Monday and iron on Tuesday, let Granny do her washing on Tuesday and ironing on Wednesday. If you do your cleaning and housework in the mornings, Granny could use the vacuum cleaner and brushes and dusters in the afternoons. Otherwise, if she has enough space to store them, you could give her a set of cleaning tools of her own. As her time is probably less occupied than yours, she can perhaps have her bath during the day, leaving

the bathroom free for the children in the evening.

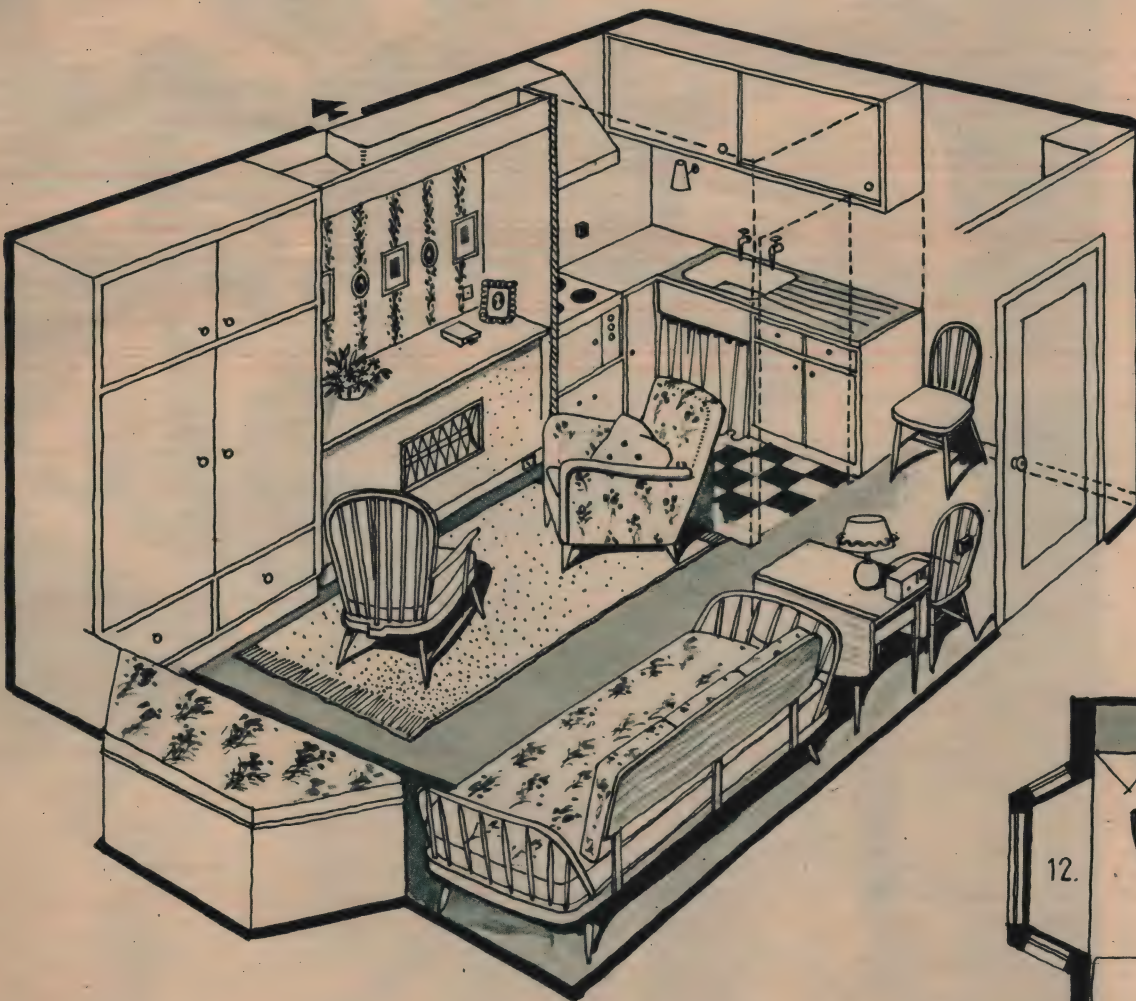
Consider noise carefully. Do the children play somewhere where their clatter will not disturb Granny? Are your wireless and hers, or the television set, somewhere in the room where you do not inconvenience each other if you want to listen to different programmes?

Finally, encourage Granny to lead a full life. She probably doesn't know anyone in the district, so it is really up to you to see that she finds friends at local women's guilds or clubs. If she is keen on gardening, give her a window box, or better still a piece of the garden to look after. If she has always led a busy life, sudden inactivity will probably make her very depressed. If she is occupied with plenty of hobbies, both of her own and shared with the family, her life and yours together can be enjoyable for both of you.

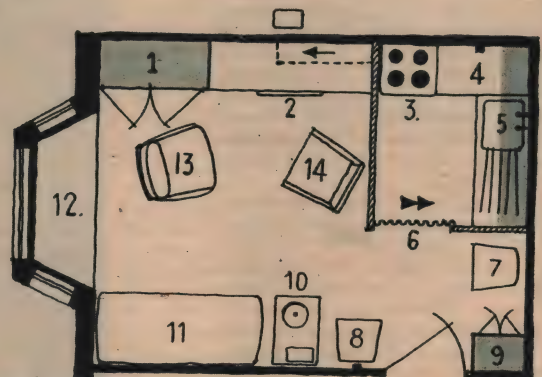
ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull: Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply. Send a rough drawing where this will make your problem clearer

Plan for a bed-sitter



If you have the space, and the family purse will stretch to a full scale conversion, this plan would make a pleasant individual flatlet for a grandparent. Room for some of her treasures, ample storage space, and a kitchenette. To make the most of the light, the partition between the bed-sitter and kitchenette should ideally be made of glass. The key: 1. Wardrobe, with storage above for suitcases. 2. Electric fire with guard. 3. Table cooker mounted on low cupboard. 4. Worktop with cupboard below. 5. Sink unit with storage above and below. 6. Curtain. 7 & 8. Dining chairs. 9. Storage. 10. Flap table, which opens out for dining. 11. Bed-settee. 12. Window seat, at dining-chair height, with storage below. 13 & 14. Armchairs.



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Raffles

continued from page 6

room. The Squire shut the door on him, turned the key in the lock, handed the key to Roy.

"You keep it," the Squire said gruffly, and crossed to the dining-room. Some stupid girl suddenly crept to the locked door, listened at it—looking at us all, with a finger to her lips—then stooped and peeked through the key-hole. I could have slapped her. But she turned with a vapid grimace and stamped her foot.

"The beast!" she said. "He's hung his hat on the door handle."

Everyone else laughed, except me. As though A. J. Raffles wouldn't have enough foresight to fox a featherhead like her. But I would have given my neck to be in there in that room with him and the bright red safe. What the devil had he meant, I wondered, about being troubled by the colour of it?

As the time wore on to two-thirty

the Squire kept coming to the dining-room door to take a look at the door under the curve of the stairs. The old engineer was growing more and more haggard. I saw his nephews, off in a corner, muttering together.

I was in the dining-room, having another drink, when, above the sound of the music, I heard a woman scream in the hall. My blood ran cold. I headed a rush by the Squire, and everyone else in the dining-room, to the hall.

A girl was pointing at the locked door. "He's coming out," she gasped. "I heard something in the lock. He's coming out!"

The musicians were craning over the landing banister. All eyes were on the locked door.

I felt a trickle of sweat down my face. The door of the room opened. The masked man walked out. His right hand was deep in the pocket of his overcoat. In his gloved left hand he held his toolroll and the baize money bag—obviously full. He walked straight towards the front door, and

the staring people made a gangway for him. He opened the door and walked out, closing it quietly behind him.

In the small room off the hall, the red safe stood wide open—empty. The candles had burned down halfway.

"Ten minutes to three," someone said.

In the silence, the Squire cleared his throat. He went over to his nephews. His expression was strange. So was theirs. It was Ronald who spoke first. He forced a smile, held out his hand.

"Congratulations, Uncle James," he said.

THE old man took Ronald's hand and gripped it hard. "Ron," he said, "I wish it had never happened. I don't know what you're going to tell old Pat Plaskett about his 'burglarproof' safe. But, boy—remember this: trial and error, trial and error—that's what makes an engineer."

Roy said: "When we build the new workshops over near the town, Ron'll have another go at designing a safe for

Mr. Plaskett. Don't worry about that, Uncle."

"Roy," said the Squire, "I ain't worrying about you two. Nor about Ruthie, neither. I knew what I was doing when yer dad died and I took you three under my wing. I'm a good picker. I pick good 'uns. Even that damned scoundrel who just walked out with your thousand quid—he's a good 'un gone wrong, a good 'un in his own line. Now, where's my Ruthie?"

"I'm here, Uncle," she said. She was radiant.

The Squire put a blunt hand on her young shoulder. He looked round at the rest of us. "Let's get up home," he said. "You, too, doc. And your musicians. Ruthie and some of these gal friends of hers can fry us up a platter of eggs and bacon as big as a show engine's windin' drum."

The stars had set as the party, silent now, walked back across the village green.

The showmen were gone, now. The last of them was gone from the village. But I knew that, from Nottingham Goose Fair, from St. Giles's at Oxford, from Stratford-upon-Avon, from Hampstead Heath, from all the great and little fairgrounds of the land, the big, bright carnival engines, the showmen and their kids and their women-folk—like Dolores Smith, in her red caravan—would come back. They would all come back to their favourite winter quarters in Squire Barribar's yard.

When we reached the Squire's house I nipped unobtrusively upstairs to Raffles's bedroom. He was there, pacing up and down, pulling at a cigarette. The room was full of smoke.

"Close the door, Bunny," he said. "Now, tell me—what happened after I walked out with the money?"

I told him—word for word, as nearly as I could remember. He nodded slowly.

I glanced over at his portmanteau. "The money's there, I take it?"

"You take it wrong," Raffles said. "The baize bag, with the money in it, is done up in a brown-paper parcel, addressed to Roy and Ronald Barribar, in the letter-cage of the front door, downstairs."

I felt as if he had struck me. "Why?" I said. "In Heaven's name, why? The money was come by legitimately—to all intents. Raffles, this was your greatest triumph."

HE shook his head. "It was my worst failure, Bunny." He paced the room. "Damnation!" he said. "We might have known there'd be something to trip us up. I never liked the colour of that safe. Red. Bright red. Red for warning. A red safe—and a woman. What a fatal combination!"

"But you got the money," I said, bewildered.

"Certainly," Raffles said. "But to keep it would be to deserve nothing but bad luck all the rest of our lives."

"In that locked room I thought the whole thing out. A red safe and a woman! I realized, of course, that Ruth must have got at her brothers—made them see, at last, that they'd been morally wrong all along the line in their stand against the old man."

I swallowed with a tight throat. "I still don't understand," I said.

"Bunny," he said, "Roy and Ronald are a hundred per cent certain that that red safe is burglarproof. Whether it is or not, I don't know. It only took me a second to open it. And it was *then* that it gave me something to think about."

He crushed out his cigarette. "They put the thousand pounds into the safe, Bunny, because they'd gone too far to do otherwise. But Ruth had made them see that they *must* ensure that the old man won—at whatever cost to themselves."

He looked at me with a wry half-smile.

"So they didn't lock the safe," said A. J. Raffles.

THE END

© Philip Atkey, 1959

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

How safe is your home?

asks ROGER SMITHELLS

Between 1949 and 1957 the number of fatal home accidents a year in Great Britain increased from 5,824 to 7,727. The largest proportion of these were suffered by older people and young children, and the main causes were falls, poisoning, burns and scalds and suffocation. If you have a granny or a toddler in the house, check up on these points and see whether your home is as safe as it could be

DO YOU . . .

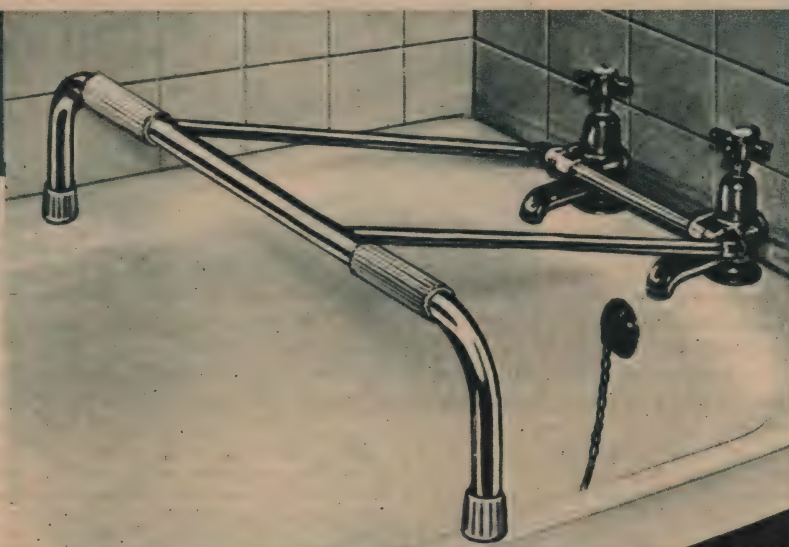
Use non-slip floor polish, and make sure floor coverings are not worn or wrinkled? Put rubber corners on mats to prevent them slipping, and never polish underneath? Use a fixed fireguard on any kind of open fire, whether gas, solid fuel or electric? Fit safety bars in any upstairs windows used by children? Keep medicines, tablets and lotions out of reach of small children? Put a rubber mat in the bottom of the bath, and have fixed handles beside bath and lavatory, to help old people and children? Keep knives, scissors and matches on shelves out of children's reach? Turn saucepan handles and kettle spouts inwards on the stove? Avoid trailing flexes?

The Economic Safety Rail for your bath. 25 in. wide; special sizes to order; 98s. 4d. plus postage from Charles Winn & Co., Granville Street, Birmingham 1

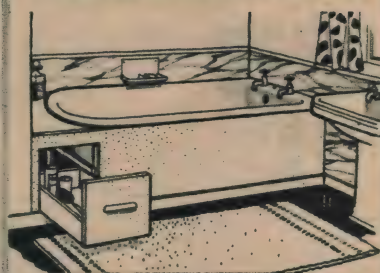
The Crayleigh Cooker Safeguard fits most modern stoves: Has Gas Council approval: It holds saucepan handles safely out of reach. From good stores, 59s. 6d.



Tuck or clip the edges of tablecloths under? Put a fence round paddling pools in the garden? Give children small, hard pillows? Keep stairs free of toys, household cleaning equipment, etc.? Fit bayonet gas taps, or box in the other kind? Put cold water in the bath before the hot? Wipe up spilled water and grease immediately? Keep disinfectants, bleaches, household cleaners, caustic soda, etc., in clearly labelled bottles in a safe place? Use flame-resistant fabrics for children's clothes where possible? Make sure the tea-pot has a well-fitting lid with a safety catch? Keep electrical apparatus out of the bathroom?

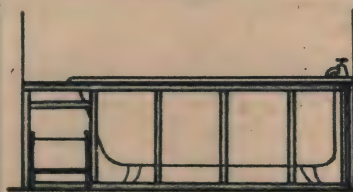


It's an idea



EXTRA DRAWER

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, of 22 Campfield Road, St. Albans, Herts, boxed in their old bath, they used the space under the end as a drawer. This idea wins this week's guinea prize. The drawer travels on glides. Low sides allow it to fit close to the bath and a high front gives space for tall articles.



RUNNERS

Send your bright idea, with a rough drawing where possible, to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each idea published.

DYNAMITE ON THE BORDER

by Rex Grizell

Four policemen have died in clashes. At nineteen Raymond Donaghy (left) was in the Roslea raid

In once peaceful Irish villages
terror stalks by night. Bombs
wreck homes, guns blaze . . . men die

IN the past two years terrorist activity on the border between Northern Ireland and the Republic has cost the British taxpayer more than £3 million, and annual security costs amount to more than a million.

The raiders, members of either the I.R.A. or Saor Uladh (Free Ulster), have bombed and burned barracks, broadcasting and radar stations, factories and private homes. Railway lines and canals have been blocked; an attempt to blow up a submarine was only foiled when police snatched the fuse from the bomb with a second to spare.

Every border police station of the Royal Ulster Constabulary has been attacked by bombs and machine-gun fire, some as many as three times. Thirteen people have been killed, including four policemen.

The border people cannot relax. They never know when explosion or gunfire will shatter the peace of the night-time countryside. During the day numerous frustrations poison their lives. Of the two hundred approved roads crossing the border, 180 have been spiked or cratered by the authorities to prevent easy access. As a result, towns eight or nine miles apart by the old routes are now twenty-five miles apart by road. Innocent people are under constant suspicious surveillance.

Unexpected danger attends the most ordinary activities. Passengers returning by bus from market have been left stranded by gunmen who turned them off, doused the bus in petrol and set it alight.

Almost every week another act of terror increases the tension on the fraying nerves of the border people, most of whom think of the men who carry out these raids as thugs and fanatics.

But to many Irishmen the raiders are patriots and heroes. Their aims are simply expressed by Senator Liam Kelly, one of the leaders of Saor Uladh, which claims to have planned many of the raids. "The end of partition can come about in only one way," he has said. "If the British Army left Ireland, then the division would be ended. Violence is the only language Britain understands. I would like to see the British Army kicked into the sea."

The quiet terrorist

It was Saor Uladh which planned the incident which began the period of violence now in its fourth year.

On the evening of Friday, November 25, 1955, Conn Green left his home in Inniscarn Road, Londonderry, saying to his mother that he was going to the pictures. He went instead to his death.

Green was a well-built man of thirty-three, with dark, wavy hair and a pencil-line moustache. He had served in the British Army from 1938 to 1950. He had been at Dunkirk and in North Africa, and had taken part in the invasion of Europe.

He had received special training in handling explosives and in hand-to-hand combat. Since his demobilization he had led an apparently quiet life, and for four years had been working in the naval dockyard at Londonderry.

His family suspected nothing of his political views, but the police knew that he had joined an Irish nationalist movement. They knew that he often crossed the border into north Monaghan, a district in which nationalist ideas fomented, and where men on the run from Ulster could count on friends.

In fields near the north Monaghan village of Scotstown, members of the I.R.A. and other nationalist groups had been drilling with rifles and automatic weapons for weeks. Green was the kind of man whose experience would have made him a useful instructor.

Near his home, Green was joined by two other men. Together they began the journey towards Scotstown, which was to be their base for an attack on the police station in the village of Roslea, a few miles away over the border in Northern Ireland. . . .

Roslea consists of a single street of small

cottages alongside a fast-running stream. There are a few shops, a garage, a public house and, over the stream, an old stone bridge carrying another road steeply uphill towards the border. On the right-hand side, half-way up the hill, is the white-painted police station of the Royal Ulster Constabulary.

This is the most isolated police station on the two hundred miles of the border. Roslea is at the tip of a neck of British Fermanagh that runs deep into Monaghan. It is surrounded on three sides by Eire.

There were five policemen in the station that night: Sergeant William Morrow, in charge; and constables Raymond Donaghy, William Johnson, Chris McGlinchy and Gordon Knowles. There were also the sergeant's wife Lillian and their two young children, Gordon, aged three, and the baby Paul, seven months.

Knowles, who would be on duty all night, was cleaning his pistol by the light of an oil lamp. All the Royal Ulsters carry pistols. They also have Sten guns. Knowles took his from a cupboard, slipped the magazine off and checked the gun.

Knowles had returned that day from leave at his home in Belfast. He had brought back with him an iced cake which his mother had made for his twenty-fifth birthday in four days' time, and clean socks, pyjamas and handkerchiefs.

Rendezvous at 4.30

Johnson and McGlinchy went out for a patrol round the village. The night was purple-dark and fine, with no sign of rain. A few lights flickered in the cottages down the hill. The Hazlett's farm, just across the road from the police station, was early darkened. Roslea was ready for bed.

The two constables trudged back up the hill to the police station. After a last cup of tea they went upstairs to their sleeping quarters. Knowles was left alone in the oil-lit duty room. He changed into pyjamas, tucked one of his mother's new-washed handkerchiefs into his pocket and lay on the bed to read.

At midnight he turned the lamp down. Just before he did so he put a second handkerchief in his breast pocket. They made a thick folded pad over his heart. . . .

Conn Green and his companions reached Scotstown late in the evening. After a few hours' rest they left again with one other man in a small saloon car. It was 4.30 a.m.

At Mulnahinch, a mile from Eire's side of the border, a rendezvous was made with two other cars which came coasting in silently with only sidelights burning.

There were four men in each car. A box in one of the cars contained hand-grenades, detonators and gas-cartridge pistols. Another box was full of gelignite sticks. There was also a seven-pound iron ball with several yards of fine chain attached.

At a last briefing each man was reminded of his job. Then the cars set off gently towards the frontier to Roslea.

At the top of the hill above the police station, the cars turned silently off the road. They were left parked in the drive of Dr. Francis D'Arcy's house, ready for the getaway.

The twelve men left the cars and divided up for their different tasks. Keeping to the grass verge, two men armed with Sten guns moved down to the bridge between the village and the police station.

Others worked their way through the fields round behind the police station to the side nearest the village.

Working quickly and quietly, Green packed his gelignite bombs against the ventilator in the duty-room wall. On the other side of the wall, right against it, Knowles slept on his truckle bed.

Down in the farmyard one of the raiders threw the iron ball over the telegraph wires. The chain made a loop round the wires. He gathered both ends of the loop together and began to heave. The wires sagged. . . .

Green's bombs were ready. The raiding

Dynamite on the border

continued from previous page

party withdrew round the corner of the building. At 5.40 a.m. Green pressed the detonator.

The double explosion rocked the whole building. Bricks poured from it as if they were being tipped from a lorry. A jagged hole, large enough for two men to run through abreast, was torn in the duty-room wall.

The bed with Constable Knowles on it was blasted fifteen feet across the room and slammed into the doorway. The room caved in on Knowles.

Almost buried by bricks and plaster, choking from the dust, he struggled to his feet, but his left leg was broken and he collapsed in the rubble.

Shocked from sleep, he imagined that he was still at home with his parents, and he began to shout to them that there had been a gas explosion.

The sound of his voice betrayed his position to the raiders coming in through the gap in the shattered wall. A Tommy-gun spat flame and Knowles choked and fell silent.

Upstairs, Sergeant Morrow leaped out of bed before the noise of crashing bricks had died. He dashed to the head of the stairs.

He knelt at the corner of the wall on the far side of the landing and pushed his Sten through the banisters.

Lillian Morrow rushed to protect her children. Baby Paul was still asleep. She found Gordon lying on the floor, whimpering. The blast had tumbled him out of bed. She put him back again and told him to stay there.

Stream of shells

At the head of the stairs Morrow heard the raiders burst out of the duty-room. A stream of Tommy-gun shells whined up the staircase and bit chunks from the wall. Morrow could also distinguish the crack of .45 pistols.

A voice shouted up: "If there's anybody up there, youse had better come down and surrender." The plaster dust that filled the air was almost choking Morrow, but somehow he remained silent. On the opposite corner of the landing crouched McGlinchy, also covering the stairway with his Sten.

Constable Johnson had dashed to the radio and within two minutes of the explosion was transmitting news of the attack to police headquarters at Enniskillen.

Then he ran to a window in the constables' quarters. From there he covered the approach from the road. He fired burst after burst from his Sten. There would be no retreat and



On the night of the Roslea raid Mary Hazlett met a gunman. So now she keeps a gun handy herself

no further attack on that side of the building.

The raiders were now mounting the stairs directly beneath Morrow. There was another burst of automatic fire, and another shout of: "It's all up. Come down and surrender." They were half-way to the turn in the staircase. Morrow could see a torch beam.

The dark silence of the staircase well was suddenly shattered as Morrow and then McGlinchy fired bursts from their Stens. There was a thud and a clatter.

In the eerie silence that followed the hail of bullets, somebody whispered hoarsely: "Conn, Conn . . . are you all right?" A man groaned.

While Morrow waited tense at the stair head for a renewal of the attack, nineteen-year-old Constable Raymond Donaghy wormed his way out to an upstairs window and fired flares. . . .

The noise of the explosion, which was heard ten miles away in Monaghan, had been followed by the crash of glass as the blast blew out the windows of the Roslea Arms and a shop. The village had awakened with a start, but few people thought it safe to find out what was going on.

Mary Hazlett, sixty years old but lean and tough, went out into her farmyard with a woollen jumper thrown over her shoulders and her long flannel nightgown trailing in the mud. Anne, her thirteen-year-old niece, followed her. Eva, another niece, aged fifteen, stood in the farm doorway, watching.

"And what d'ye think you're doing, you devil?" she demanded of the man

who was heaving at the telephone wires.

"Get back inside," a voice answered. She moved forward again. A revolver flashed in the darkness. The noise sounded terrifyingly close and she heard the whistle of the bullet as it skimmed her shoulder. She scuttled back, shepherding her nieces before her.

Up on the hill the battle continued. Two men went out through the hole in the wall, half carrying, half dragging another man between them. Other raiders covered them, spraying the staircase and duty-room with bullets.

Shot down again

Semi-conscious again, and half aware of gunfire, Knowles struggled to raise himself, his blood caking on the plaster dust that covered him. Another bullet hit him and he fell forward.

Morrow and McGlinchy moved cautiously down towards the duty-room. At the foot of the stairs they found the still lighted torch and a Thompson sub-machine gun. As the retreating raiders fired bursts at the back of the building to discourage pursuit, Morrow found Knowles face down in the rubble.

Dr. Francis D'Arcy had been awakened by the explosion, and as soon as he heard the gunfire he began to dress, guessing that he would be needed.

He waited a few minutes at his door and when there seemed to be a lull in the shooting ran down the path at the side of his house towards the police station. He heard men running up the hill on the other side of the hedge, the slamming of car doors and the noise of the cars moving away.

D'Arcy found Knowles unconscious but still alive, in spite of severe bullet wounds down his left side. There was one wound over his heart, but it bled strangely little. The bullet had driven the two neatly folded handkerchiefs into the wound.

D'Arcy pulled gently on the handkerchiefs and the bullet rolled out. One handkerchief would probably have been no help, but two had saved his life.

In one of the raiders' cars Conn Green lay unconscious. His blood soaked on to coats which his companions had placed round him. A wound near his heart pumped blood no matter what they did to staunch it.

Just before seven, at first light, one of the raiders knocked on Jim McKenna's door at Knocknagrave, a hamlet by Carrickroe, in north Monaghan.

McKenna was frightened when he saw the wounded man. He didn't want to be mixed up in anything, but when he realized that Green was dying he showed the way to a bedroom.

One man went to Scotstown for Dr. Sean Flannery, and another went to Carrickroe for Father George McCarron.

At one minute past ten Conn Green died in a stranger's bed.

At two o'clock Dr. Flannery and

two of Green's comrades called on Dr. Thomas Leonard, the seventy-seven year old coroner for north Monaghan, and asked him to hold an inquest on the dead man. They did not say who he was, or how he had died.

That night in Jim McKenna's kitchen Leonard swore in a jury of six local farmers. The Eire police who had arranged the inquest did not speak, nor did Green's companions. The only evidence heard was that of McKenna, who described how the unknown man was brought dying to his door.

The jury decided that an unknown man had died of shock and haemorrhage of unknown cause.

The men who had fought with Green went off to Carrickroe churchyard to dig a shallow grave. They fetched him through the winding lanes from McKenna's and, at 2 a.m., by the light of torches, Father McCarron read the burial service and Green, the terrorist, received a Christian burial. The raid on Roslea was over.

With seven bullets in his body, Knowles was taken by ambulance to hospital in Enniskillen, where he hovered between life and death for several days.

He now works in the police stores at Lisburn, near Belfast, and has married the girl who nursed him in hospital.

For his part in the raid Morrow was awarded the George Medal. He has since been promoted to Head Constable.

Terror goes on

In a corner of St. Enda's churchyard, Carrickroe, a white wooden cross marks the unnamed grave of Conn Green. After three and a half years it is still carefully tended.

Through the long grass a path to the graveside has been trodden by the feet of hundreds of Irish patriots who share the views of Saor Uladh.

Since the Roslea raid there have been more than five hundred incidents and terrorist activity shows no sign of slackening. Recently, a police car was blown up and overturned by landmines on a lonely country road.

As the crew of four policemen lay shaken on the ground, the terrorists poured Bren-gun fire on them. When the police returned the fire the attackers fled. Two of the policemen were taken to hospital badly injured.

The I.R.A. prefer the hit-and-run attack to the fight in the open, and as long as they use these methods the border people will have to put up with closed roads, broken telephone lines, cut-off power, blocked railway lines and held-up buses; the R.U.C. will go armed, ready to hold off attacks from night to night.

A veteran sergeant of the R.U.C. has said: "We have got their measure. Let them come and have a go." But the I.R.A. are never likely to accept this offer.

THE END

Gordon Knowles and his wife with Dr. Francis D'Arcy. Knowles was riddled with seven bullets in the raid; D'Arcy helped to save his life



Mary Hazlett's nieces Anne and Eva saw the raiders cutting the phone wires. They fled when one of the men fired at them



As raiders stormed Roslea police station, William Morrow fought back—and won the George Medal. In a bedroom his wife Lillian guarded their children



The day Richard sang for the last time



Richard Tauber, accompanied by the French National Orchestra, sings at the Harringay Music Festival in June, 1947, a few months before his death

Applause thundered as his ailing figure strode confidently across the stage. I gripped the front of the box and prayed: "Please God, let him finish. Don't let his voice break down"

THE war was a few weeks old. Richard and I decided to leave Switzerland, where we had gone, following a tour of South Africa, for political refuge on account of Richard being an Austrian, and return to London. I planned to be very extravagant by giving up our house at Elstree and moving into the Dorchester Hotel in Park Lane.

I reached London ahead of Richard. The first person I met as I walked into the hotel was Charles Graves, the columnist. "Hallo," he said. "You look rather cross."

"I am. Believe it or not, I was forced to go through the aliens' gangway at Dover."

He laughed. "Well, it won't be for long, will it? Richard has applied for British naturalization, surely?"

"Yes," I said gloomily, "and it's going to cost a lot of money; taxes to pay on five years' domicile in this country. Poor Richard has lost a fortune already in Germany; his earnings were colossal until nineteen thirty-three. He still continued to make a terrific amount of money, but now he can't sing anywhere in Europe."

"But he must have some contracts."

"Not one," I said, "except for Australia in nineteen forty-eight."

Richard's glittering, exciting world of films, opera and world tours, which I shared with

him both before and after our marriage, had collapsed. He arrived depressed and moody.

"I have no job," he kept repeating. "Me, out of work!"

"We'll soon fix that," I said briskly. I thought for a moment and then, more as a joke than anything else, picked up a pin, shut my eyes and let it drop on the theatre column of one of the daily papers—it came down on the name "George Black." Immediately I reached for the telephone.

"Mr. George Black?" I said. "This is Diana Tauber. . . . We've never met, I'm afraid, but how do you do? Now, Richard is here in London and he'd like to produce his operetta, *The Singing Dream*. Are you interested?"

"Certainly I am," said Black, "but not for some time, I'm afraid; I have very heavy engagements. Why not try Tom Arnold?"

Tom was very intrigued and highly amused when I told him how I had contacted George Black. "Can I come along and see you?" he asked. "I think we might be able to do business."

The discussions over *The Singing Dream*

Tauber's wife Diana joined the F.A.N.Y. during the war. An officer told her: "Try to remember you are no longer a film star"



My heart and I

continued from previous page

went on far into the night. Eventually Tom, wiser than Richard in wartime England, said: "It would be safer to do a revival. What about *Land of Smiles*?"

It was as easy as that: a few days later the contract was signed and a long and happy association began with Tom Arnold.

The next morning Richard bustled into my room.

"Thank you for your wonderful *schnappula* idea," he said, using one of the affectionate words, of his own invention, which he liked to slip into conversation. "I love you very much!"

But soon he took to going off on secret missions on his own. I knew he had been up to something, because he was especially affectionate when he returned—and this time it was *not* Mary. Some girl was occupying his time, but I was powerless to stop him.

One evening he bounced in, took me by the shoulders and kissed me boisterously. "Diana, don't be cross with your *schnappie*," he said. "I have a little flirt, nothing serious. No one will ever come between us."

This incredible attitude shattered me. He was quite sure that, provided he "confessed," everything would be all right; "You see, Diana, I *need* you," he would say with genial finality.

It was useless to make a scene: the war, his mother's death and no longer being "the wandering minstrel" had shaken Richard to the core of his being. He was therefore searching for an outlet for his boundless energy: a new excitement. I realized sadly that I must let him go his own way.

Despite the fall of France, London was very gay in those early days of the war. At one of the many parties I saw an attractive girl in khaki with F.A.N.Y. on her shoulder. I asked her what it stood for and she explained: "First Aid Nursing Yeomanry." She told me something of its history and passed on her own enthusiasm.

Passed all tests

I was still not taking the war too seriously, but knew that I would have to do a war job of some sort sooner or later. I therefore telephoned F.A.N.Y. headquarters.

I attended for an interview, inappropriately dressed in a very tight white suit and high-heeled shoes. Miss "Jimmy" Gamwell, an officer, regarded me speculatively.

"It's not easy to become a member of F.A.N.Y.," she said. "You'll first have to take a severe course at our training camp in Norfolk, and that means hard work and discipline. If you still think you want to join us, the course starts next week. Your conduct there will decide whether we can recruit you or not."

I nodded: back to school again.

At last the course came to an end and I arrived back in London. Later I learned, somewhat to my surprise, that I had passed all my tests and was now a fully fledged member of F.A.N.Y.

Richard was enormously proud of me. "Come," he said. "We will take a walk in the park and I'll show you off in your uniform!" Our appearance attracted hordes of press photographers, who had the time of their lives.

My reception from Miss Gamwell was less friendly—and rightly so.

"Tauber!" she said in disapproval, pointing to a daily paper on her desk with my photograph. "I must remind you that you are now a member of this corps, and we strongly discourage publicity of this kind. Kindly try to remember that you are no longer a film star." She made it sound like a disease.

Anyway, I appeased her somewhat by buying and equipping an ambulance, which I presented to the Polish Army in Britain. Rashly, I offered to drive it—and then discovered that the Poles needed it at their hospital in Tinto, near Glasgow.

I set off for Tinto with another

F.A.N.Y., Shirley Glynn, who spoke a smattering of Polish. The hospital was an ugly and unprepossessing little house. Several Polish officers greeted us, all saluting as if we were high-ranking generals. With many more salutes and kissing of hands, they started buzzing round the ambulance.

The first headquarters of the Polish F.A.N.Y. Ambulance Unit in Scotland thus came into operation. Our main problem, in those early days, was to get soldiers to hospital in time for emergency operations. One young soldier died in my arms as we reached hospital. I resolved there and then that, at all costs, operating equipment must be installed at Tinto.

I rang Richard, then on tour in the Midlands in *Land of Smiles*. "Do you think I could have some money to buy operating equipment for the hospital here?"

Richard sounded in wonderful spirits and agreed at once. "I send two hundred pound to your bank."

Next morning I received a letter

and stay with you. I shall have finished this course by then."

Complete silence followed this remark, and I thought for a moment that we had been cut off. Then Richard said: "I'm sorry, but you can't stay with me at the hotel."

For a moment I was literally stunned. When I was able to speak, I said: "Richard, this is *too* much!" I slammed down the receiver and went off to lie sleepless on my hard bed. How could I go on loving him?

Next morning came a letter; the longest, I am sure, that Richard had ever written. It must have taken him hours—it was in German and covered eight pages.

"... The present strained relationship between us makes me very sad" (what, I wondered, did he think it made me?). "It should not be like this really and there should be no difference between us on this question of girl friends. I have meditated a great deal on this matter, trying to find a right solution. Now I am convinced that it

chortled, wiping his tears from his eyes. "Look at you—your hair. . . ."

In the excitement of seeing him again I quite forgot to be angry; I forgot everything in the joy of holding him in my arms again. It was only after this first warm embrace that I remembered we were hardly on speaking terms.

Sitting in the small village hotel after lunch that afternoon neither of us wanted to face up to the subject that had brought him to see me in the first place.

"Richard," I said at length, "we'd better get down to what we are going to do about our muddled marriage. I read your letter carefully and I know that the situation is very difficult. But you should have thought about this when you started these friendships."

He was near to tears. "Let's call a truce," he said at last. "When the war is over we will be together always. I love you and my feelings will never change; I love your 'boom boom' and your gaiety. We will travel the world again—Vienna, America, Africa, Australia. . . . Patience, please."

Once more I gave in. He departed happily back to his theatre and his friends, content to eat his cake and have it, too.

Joined Polish Army

I finished my course and, to my utter amazement, passed. I was now qualified to receive the rank of lieutenant in the Polish Army when I had the chance to be recruited, and I was determined to be. It meant, of course, resigning from the F.A.N.Y. organization.

Early in January, 1945, I obtained a permit to go to Brussels, attached to the Polish Red Cross. On arrival I was to be recruited into the Polish Army. When I broke the news to Richard he went quite white. "You can't do it! I need you here! I won't permit it!"

But I knew he would not be miserable for long, for a new show was being staged in London in March, 1945, *Gay Rosalinda*, an English version of *Die Fledermaus*, and Richard was to conduct.

I did not need Richard to tell me of his success. The first night at the Palace Theatre he literally stopped the show after the rendering of the lovely overture of Strauss's glorious music. *Gay Rosalinda* kept Richard "gay" until VE-Day. He had no time to worry after the show closed; a revival of *Old Chelsea* and a long concert tour occupied his time and energy until August, 1946.

My arrival back in London that month was not heralded by publicity and applauding fans. I was just another soldier returning to civilian life, with a Polish decoration, the Cross of Merit, and a pip on my shoulder.

Richard greeted me with open arms, smiling happily as if the differences during the past years had not existed. He looked considerably thinner and rather drawn.

We went upstairs to our suite at the Dorchester; it really seemed as if the years had fallen away. Richard took my hand in his and gave me a funny look. "There is something I must get off my stomach."

"Chest," I corrected.

"All these months you have been away, you were the only wife for me. I imagined that I needed some other women in my daily life, yet all the time, deep in my heart, I knew it was only you."

"Don't let's talk about the past," I said hastily. "We have years ahead together."

It was a happy time: Richard and I often dined out, alone or with our friends.

Soon we were in New York for the American production of Lehar's operetta, *Land of Smiles*, renamed *Yours is My Heart*. But although on the first night there was encore after encore, and Richard sang again and again, the show was a flop.

Worse still, Richard's voice suddenly started giving trouble. It broke down three times in as many weeks.

After days and nights of worry and despair, *Yours is My Heart* had to close.

This awful failure compelled our



Diana Napier Tauber at her home near Bracknell, Berkshire. On the wall a portrait of herself; on the table, a reminder of Richard . . .

from him: "Darling, I put money in the bank for your Poles. I send you my love always and wait impatiently for the war to end so that we can be together as we used to be. Your loving husband, Richard."

I suspected that he was flirting with several young women during his travels, but I was much too busy to worry. I felt sure that, if left alone for a while, he would come back to me.

In the next few months I made many inquiries to see if my F.A.N.Y. "unit" would be allowed to go overseas and serve in the Polish Division. I was reluctantly convinced that women would not be allowed in a fighting division. Therefore I decided to attend an officers' course and try for a commission in the Polish Army.

A course for Polish n.c.o.s was starting at Kingskettle, Fife. I persuaded the authorities to let me join it.

Meanwhile, Richard was singing all the time throughout the country. He told me one day on the telephone that he would be appearing soon in Glasgow.

"How lovely!" I said enthusiastically. "I'll get leave and come

is impossible for me to have you staying with me during my visit to Scotland. . . ."

(Later I was to discover that it was not his friends, but one woman, whom I shall call "Kara"—that is not her real name—whose presence made my appearance so embarrassing. She was genuinely in love with him.)

'Thinking of you'

"I am really only thinking of you and your position. I will see you, Diana, every day—but please not in my hotel."

"I love you and shall always love you. I remain,

"Always your husband,
"Richard."

He followed up this letter by arriving, totally unannounced, while I was lying under a vehicle fiddling with screws and nuts. There he was, sitting on an upturned petrol can and laughing all over. I was so surprised, I hit my head a resounding crack on the engine.

"Oh, you look so funny!" he



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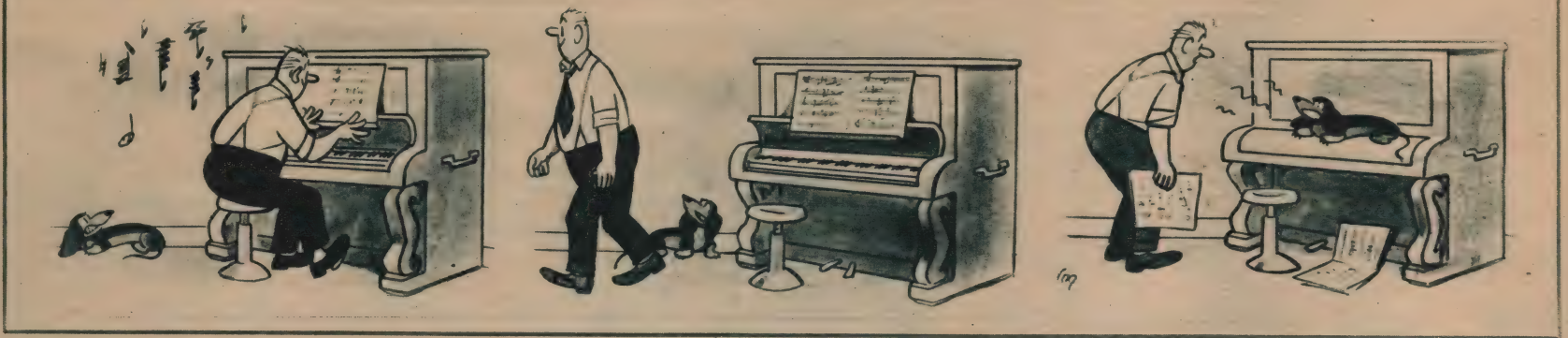
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DACHSIE



My heart and I

continued from page 30

agents to do some rapid thinking. Concerts would have to be organized; a tour or radio show must be booked. Richard had to earn some money. There was nothing in the bank and debts were piling up; loans from friends, hotel bills, car-hire accounts—they seemed endless.

Our agents worked frantically. Back in 1936 Richard had been scheduled to tour a series of operettas in South America, but the project had to be postponed because of other commitments. Now the offer had come up again. He therefore accepted very willingly.

I would have loved to go, but did not insist, knowing there simply wasn't the money for my fare.

So Richard flew off to Trinidad. As I sat with him on our last evening together in New York, I could see a drawn look in the line of his jawbone and an unhealthy brightness in his eyes. I seemed also to detect a slight breathlessness, but later dismissed these morbid thoughts as imaginary.

I returned to Britain on the Queen

Elizabeth. When Richard joined me in London he hardly had time to embrace me before a fit of coughing knocked him almost unconscious. After twenty minutes of this ghastly, racking sound, I could bear it no longer and rushed to his secretary, Alex.

"It's terrible," I told her, "and getting worse all the time. What do the doctors say?"

"Chronic bronchitis," she replied sadly. "He suffers terribly. He still has several concert dates in the provinces to keep, but I don't know how he manages to sing at all."

The throat specialist continued to diagnose a bronchial cold, and inhalations eased it somewhat, but the trouble seemed far more deep-seated. Eventually Richard was persuaded to have an X-ray. The terrible truth came out. He had cancer of the lung, and a major operation was imperative.

I went to see his specialist. "Please, Doctor," I begged him. "Don't tell him the truth—say it's just an abscess." He agreed and kept his promise.

They wanted him to enter hospital

immediately, and a room was booked for him at Guy's, but there was one engagement that he was determined to keep first.

"Percy," announced Richard, "I have a wonderful offer. The Vienna State Opera Company are in London and my old friend, Josef Krips, will conduct *Don Giovanni* at Covent Garden. I have been invited to appear with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, and appear I shall! I will sing at this performance and then the doctors can do what they like with me." A spasm of coughing forced him to stop talking.

The day of the performance, Saturday, September 27, 1947, came at last. I ran quickly to see him in his dressing-room before the curtain went up. He looked dejected and unbearably thin.

Incredible courage

I had to leave the dressing-room to hide my tears. Through the door I could hear the old familiar, "Mi-mi-mi-la-la..."

In my box I broke down. "Watch my big aria," Richard had told me. "I never pause to take a breath, but I shall have to this time. Please watch, and tell me if you notice."

Richard strode confidently across the stage at his first entrance to a roar of applause. No one in that packed house could know of the impending tragedy, or the incredible strength of will and courage behind that entrance. Through my opera-glasses I could see the beads of perspiration on his brow, and I knew that his clothes must be wet through. I gripped the front of the box, praying: "Please, God, let him finish; don't let his voice break down."

Richard's artistry carried him magnificently through to the final curtain. I watched him take curtain after curtain with the rest of the cast, almost feeling his warm, but wan smile.

Those listening in the house and on the radio may have detected a failing in the voice, due to lack of breath; but his doctors told me afterwards that it was a miracle he was singing at all. Only one lung was working—the other had almost disintegrated.

After the performance I found him in his dressing-room. He was sitting, breathing heavily and utterly exhausted. "I made it, Diana," he whispered. "I made it. If I never sing again, this will be a wonderful exit—singing in my own language with my own people."

"You were wonderful," I whispered. He shook his head. "No," he said, with a touch of the old whimsical humour. "I turned my *schnappula* head and just took one very small breath..."

Outwardly, Richard seemed to recover after his operation. His power of recuperation was amazing.

I went to see the surgeon. "Is Richard completely cured?" I asked.

He looked at me in the impersonal way that I had slowly come to understand: "I've sent a tissue away to be tested," was all he said. In that moment I knew the stark, terrible truth. Richard was doomed—doomed to die at the age of fifty-six with all his plans ahead, with £25,000 worth of contracts waiting for him. Soon his lilting, wonderful voice would be silent.

My heart stood quite still, and I was

attacked by a sharp, nagging pain in my stomach which did not leave me for months afterwards.

In bed, Richard sat upright, smiling broadly. "Look," he said, flourishing a newspaper. "Successful operation—then more about my tour to Australia. Good, no?"

"Yes," I said. "Wonderful."

Mary Losseff came often to sit with Richard, saying little, her big violet eyes brimming with tears. For some time she had settled in Ireland, on a small farm. She had seemed happy with her chickens and animals, breathing in the fresh air, and she had no desire to continue her singing career.

The doctors suggested Torquay for convalescence and I was left to settle the bills and see Richard's accountant in London. The bank had told me that Richard had only a few hundred pounds in his account. His hotel in Torquay alone would cost something in the region of £70 a week.

I did not dare to worry Richard, and sold a ring he had given me.

Just before Christmas, he returned from Torquay, terribly thin, and the sunburn only accentuated his haggard face. The coughing had started all over again, but it was now much worse and went on for longer periods at a time, which left him breathless and exhausted.

I spent most of the day with him on January 7. He had now taken to talking in German all the time, and seemed

FAULTS—I

Do you wish to find out a person's weak points? Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very failings he is himself conscious of; but they will be their next-door neighbours.

J. C. and A. W. Hare

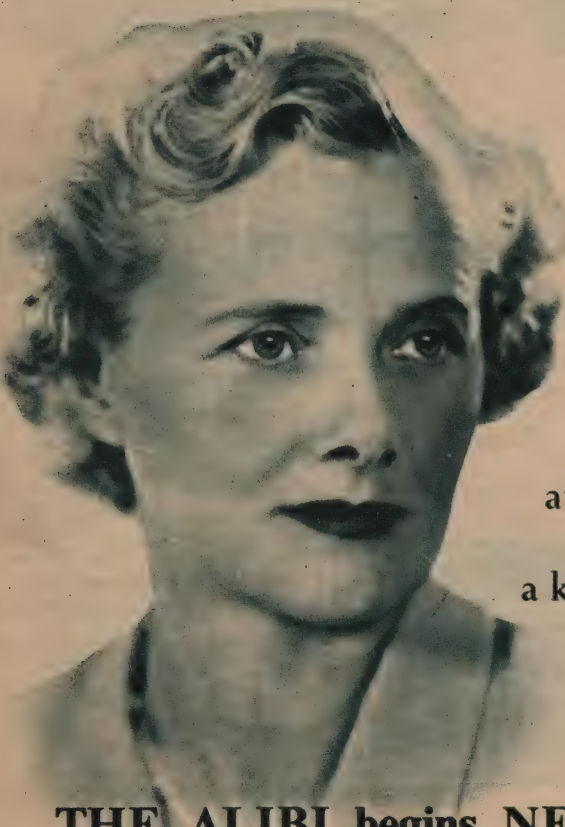
happier speaking his mother tongue. "Do you think I have something growing inside me?" he asked suddenly, at about 4.30 p.m.

I looked at him quickly, but his face was turned away. "I feel very ill; I can't breathe," he whispered. "Please take me to the hospital."

I rushed to the telephone and ordered a room. As I sat quietly watching him pitifully struggling to breathe, his fat little hands gripping the edge of the table, I thought of Kara who had been a comfort to him in the war years. She loved Richard, too. Now I felt no animosity and I remembered the first time I met her. She was quite lovely, with a gay, charming smile, unspoiled and warm-hearted, and I understood why Richard had been so devoted. During the weary weeks preceding his operation, she had been helpful and kind, cooking special little dishes for him, and often we went to the cinema and theatre together. In the face of our tragedy there was no room for resentment, only a deep pity for the man we both loved.

The harsh jangle of the telephone sounded in the room and I was told the

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My heart and I

continued from page 32

car was waiting for Richard's last journey. Alex entered quietly, helping him to his feet. Instinctively I knew Richard had only a few more hours; there was a duty I still had to carry out. Suddenly I picked up the telephone: "Kara, Richard is leaving now for the clinic. Please come."

Richard could hardly breathe on that last journey. It seemed to take years, yet it was barely twenty minutes before he drew up at the entrance to the London Clinic. He was helped from the car and practically fell into an invalid chair. As the lift came to rest, the gates opened, and with a superhuman effort, Richard, a great showman to the last, stood up, squared his shoulders and walked grimly into his death chamber.

The little Catholic nurse, who had been with him for the past few weeks, gave him oxygen. I said with a forced smile: "Feeling better, darling?"

He took the oxygen mouthpiece away with one of his old, quick movements. "You'll laugh," he said. "I

lies. But one day, I promised myself, I would take him back to the country he loved best in the world—Austria."

There was still another ordeal to face. I met the lawyer and we drove to the Marylebone Town Hall to sign the necessary documents for the burial. The man stammered in sympathy. Slowly his words came through: "I am sorry, madam. Surely you were married here in nineteen thirty-six, were you not?"

I began to earn a living by running an art studio in Kensington. It was a struggle from the beginning, without capital and, worse, no experience. Then, as the years passed, life became kinder.

After the war, most of the Polish soldiers refused to return to their country, now dominated by Russia. Hundreds of my old comrades-in-arms were trying to work out their future. Among them was an officer, an artist named Stanislaw Wolkowicka, attached to the headquarters of the 1st Polish Armoured Division.

We met again at a party in the White Eagle Club one evening in 1951. A friendship began which developed into love and a very happy marriage. My husband's sense of humour and his quiet affection have made it possible for me to enjoy life fully again.

Every year on the anniversary of Richard's death I go alone to the cemetery to lay a bunch of lilac on his grave. And always when I arrive at Brompton there is another simple bunch of flowers with a card, "From a London taxi-driver."

Some months ago, the telephone suddenly brought back other memories: "This is the British Broadcasting Corporation. We are presenting the Richard Tauber story on the radio, to commemorate the tenth anniversary of his death. We would like you to take part."

My husband and I and several close friends sat in a firelit room in our house in Berkshire, listening to the recorded programme. As the sound of Richard's voice faded, the announcer said in a quiet voice: "So ends the Richard Tauber story, as told by Evelyn Laye. Those taking part were: Anton Walbrook, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Percy Kahn, Jane Baxter and Diana Napier."

The silence was broken by Margaret Argyll: "I am disappointed that they did not play 'You Are My Heart's Delight.'"

I could hear Richard in the darkness saying with a chuckle: "Never mind, schnappula."

THE END

© Diana Napier Tauber, 1959

"My Heart And I," by Diana Napier Tauber, will be published shortly as a book by Evans Brothers, Ltd., at 18s.



Six feet for safety

MANY motorists dislike driving in heavy traffic; some deliberately try to avoid it. But in fact, if you observe a few basic rules, it is safe and simple.

The most common mistake, perhaps, is keeping too close to the vehicle in front. Should it suddenly stop for any reason, you could be in serious trouble.

The wise driver leaves a gap of at least six feet between his front bumper and the vehicle ahead.

Do not approach pedestrian crossings too fast; 30 m.p.h. can be too fast sometimes. Unfortunately there is a tendency these days for groups of cars, moving in tight formation, to bear down on a crossing with such speed that the man in front dare not stop for fear of the following car ramming him. This is highly dangerous.

It is far safer always to give the slowing-down hand signal when approaching a crossing, even if no pedestrians appear to be thinking of stepping off the kerb.

Another important aspect of driving in traffic is—don't attempt to enter a side road except at

very low speeds. If a pedestrian steps off the kerb you will have to make a "crash stop"—and, most probably, the tail of your vehicle will protrude into the main road.

Get into the habit of slowing down well before this kind of corner, and give your signal in good time.

A fourth simple but oft-forgotten traffic rule: give way to oncoming traffic when there is an obstruction on your side of the road. As a pedestrian you would not attempt to bulldoze your way along a busy pavement; why behave differently in a car?

There is no finer maxim than "if you want to know the way ask a policeman!" But don't pull up at a man in blue when he is controlling traffic in the centre of a road.

If you must ask the policeman because there is nobody else able to help, carry on across the junction, find a parking place that will not inconvenience other road-users, and then walk back to him.

Also help to keep the traffic moving smoothly when driving by

sticking to your correct lane, particularly at traffic lights.

Resist the temptation to stray into the wrong lane simply because it has a shorter queue. When turning left, or continuing straight ahead, use the left-hand lane; when turning right, take the right-hand one.

In the case of a green "filter left" sign at light, you are under an obligation to take the right-hand lane unless you are turning to the left.

Finally, make a rule never to imitate the foolhardy tactics of some drivers who, when pulling out from behind another vehicle at the kerb, simply give an indicator signal. They assume that this gives them a divine right to pull out, even though another driver may be approaching fast.

Courtesy counts

It is selfish driving, and there is no room on our roads today for selfishness. On the other hand, if you see another driver who wants to join a slow-moving stream, let him in. After all, your courtesy will cost you only one place in the queue.

Compiled in co-operation with the Institute of Advanced Motorists. A non-profit-making organization, its object is to improve the standard of driving and the promotion of road safety. The address of the Institute is 21 Harrington Road, London, S.W.7.

The uneasy heads

continued from page 19

both Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, the Chancellors, were sympathetic, in principle, to the idea of monarchy. But the fierce opposition of the Socialists and the menace of Hitler unnerved them into immobility. As always, Otto's political sense was sound, but like so many princes, he did not know what to do with it. He could see that Hitler was about to take over the country and in January, 1938, wrote Schuschnigg a long, hysterical letter, warning him of the danger. His idea for a solution, however, was an odd one. He urged that Schuschnigg should resign and make him (Otto) Chancellor.

What an inexperienced prince of twenty-five could do that an experienced politician could not, he did not say. But in fact it was Schuschnigg and not Otto who was confounded by events. He dismissed both the warning and the suggestion with a respectfully contemptuous note, and less than two months later the Germans did what Otto had warned the experienced politician they would.

In March the Nazis occupied Austria and made it a part of the Reich.

The war scattered the Hapsburgs, most of whom prudently took refuge in the New World, Zita moving to Canada and Otto to New York. When America entered the war the Secretary for War, Henry Stimson, authorized the formation of a Free Austrian battalion.

Otto saw President Roosevelt several times, and from one occasion he emerged elated and cried to a friend: "I have never been so optimistic for my own prospects." But when he attempted to become the leader of the Austrian Battalion the protests from anti-monarchists, both Austrian and non-Austrian, were so loud that Otto felt compelled to resign. The time for princes was still not yet come.

The battalion which at first numbered five hundred volunteers dwindled within weeks to twenty-nine and was then disbanded for lack of interest. That was the beginning and ending of Otto's war effort.

Aimless, drifting, not knowing what

to do, Otto followed the armies and found himself on the borders of Austria but denied a visa. Pining for some sight and sound of his countrymen he visited some camps of displaced persons in Germany.

In one of them, near Munich, a nurse was working, Princess Regine of Saxe-Meiningen, daughter of a Catholic mother who had married into a Protestant family. Regine's life too had been in the tragic mould of twentieth-century Middle European nobility. She had been born in 1925 in the Castle of Eldburg in Thuringia and was

FAULTS—3

Only those faults which we encounter in ourselves are insufferable to us in others.

Madame Swetchine

educated at the Catholic Convent of the Ursulines. Her father, Duke George of Saxe-Meiningen, was a jurist and magistrate. He kept his charge during the war and was one of the few who survived his complicity in the 1944 bomb plot against Hitler. He also managed to keep Regine out of the Hitlerjugend. When the Russians swept over their home, however, the prince was deported and "died in captivity," but Regine and her mother managed to cross over as refugees into the Western Zone.

The displaced prince and displaced princess met many times after that, and on May 10, 1951, they were married.

From that moment Otto was a changed man. He became, in fact, a happy man. He began to laugh freely and to enjoy himself. He took his wife to the French fashion houses, and helped choose her clothes.

Four girls, including twins, have been born to this marriage so far. In

the winter the children go tobogganing, and in the summer they are taken in the family car to the lake at Starnberg a few kilometres away. The little girls are happy in their modest existence. They are too young to know the intricacies of royal politics, and that they are considered by the Austrian Government too dangerous ever to be allowed into Austria.

By any standards Austria's Hapsburg Law is a brutal thing, as is any law in a so-called free country that bars a man from his native land.

It has not cured princes of ambition. On the contrary, it has steeled their characters. There seems no reason why Austria, Italy and Spain do not follow the civilized example of France in permitting the pretenders to return. If a nation wishes a monarchy to be restored, it is no part of a democratic government to prevent it.

If Otto has endured his position patiently, it must be said that his wife has suffered deeply. Friends who have known Regine through the years say that her responsibilities have told on her. She knows that Otto lives only for a period beyond the present.

It is interesting, at this point, to see how two supremely intelligent pretenders, Otto and the Count of Paris, have faced similar situations and by a process of similar reasoning come to diametrically opposite conclusions, one characteristically Austrian, and the other characteristically French.

Both have seen that basically a monarchy depends on a dual respect, respect for the institution and respect for the monarch himself. Ideally there should be respect for both, but the monarchy will get along as long as there is respect for one or the other.

The Count of Paris's first task was to persuade republican France to respect the institution which had become unfamiliar with disuse. In consequence he is jealous of his prerogatives and insists on being treated as a king at all times.

Otto has no need to bother about the institution. In Austria the names of the streets, the parks, pillars, monuments, the paving stones themselves, are heavy with the Hapsburg tradition. Otto has had to concentrate on mending the personal mistakes of his father. He sees that of the remaining seven

TO

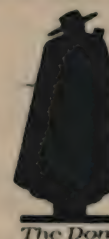
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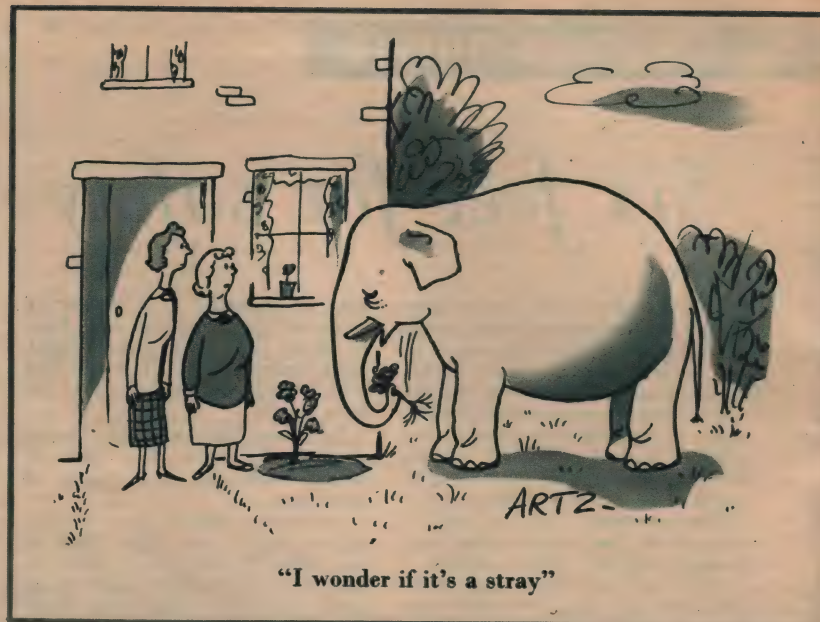
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"I wonder if it's a stray"

The uneasy heads

continued from page 35

thrones of Europe, two—the British and Belgian—are in the hands of one family, the Saxe-Coburg-Gothas, and three—the Norwegian, Danish and Greek—in the hands of the Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburgs, and asks himself why these houses flourish when mightier houses like the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns are sunk without trace. He realizes that the answer lies in personality. Both families have been blessed with a series of brilliant princes.

Like the Count of Paris, Otto is a political prince because he believes Austrians should know where he stands, and like the Count of Paris, he is liberal.

Until the end of 1958 Otto was not even permitted to travel as an Austrian citizen and used a Belgian diplomatic passport in the name of the Duke de Sarre. But feeling that his expanding political movement needed his physical presence he formally renounced his claim to the throne and was permitted to return to Austria as Dr. Otto Hapsburg. This was the result of long deliberation in Otto's eager, buzzing mind and one can see why he did it.

Monarchy up to date

Otto says that régimes fall because of their own shortcomings and adds that there is no point in restoration itself which, even should it happen, would be a restoration of sentimentality and a return to the past. He and the *Monarchistische Bewegung Österreichs*—the Austrian Monarchist Movement—which claims to number one Austrian in every five, have sought to evolve a technological age monarchy.

Otto feels that some branch of the government should be strengthened in order to meet the new technological pressures for which the traditional democratic orders were never created to expect. But to strengthen the executive means a dictatorship, which is unacceptable. The legislative cannot be strengthened because when it is prominent it leads to sterility, as in the case of France.

There remains the judiciary. Otto and his supporters seem to think that an answer may lie in a closer relationship between the judiciary and the executive, with a monarch serving as combined head of the state and as a sort of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Whatever emerges, Otto at least has new ideas for an old institution that is quite revolutionary. "Mine is not a

one-man operation," he says, "I am one of a team."

Wherever monarchists meet in Europe the subject quickly comes down to the Archduke Otto of Hapsburg.

What is he up to? What does he want? Is he still planning to revive the Holy Roman Empire?

During the second World War, when the U.S. State Department was full of schemes for the dismemberment of Germany, one plan which was given serious countenance envisaged the separation of the Catholic German states from the more militaristic Protestant states. Austria, Bavaria, Württemberg and the others would form a perhaps loose union. The question of monarchy did not arise, but the author of the scheme was reported to be Otto.

In fairness Otto has denied this specifically and in fact advised against it when it was put to him in Washington. Nevertheless forces are at work in Europe to keep some such idea very much alive.

There is a castle in South Württemberg, near Liechtenstein, the Schloss Zeil, the ancestral home of the princely family of Waldburg-Zeil, which is the headquarters of a group calling itself *Neues Abendland*, and the honorary president is the Archduke Otto of Hapsburg.

The word *Abendland* generally signifies Christian Europe as against *Morgenland* of the pagan East, and was used as early as the Crusades. In its present particular context it means a land which preserves European monarchist traditions and virtues, especially the Catholic ones, against the Russian and even the American menace.

Neues Abendland, which brings out an occasional magazine of a high intellectual quality of the same name, reflects the unmistakable fact which lies at the root of the whole current political problem in Germany; namely the rise of the Catholic Church to power in the Federal Republic of Germany today in contrast to the Germany of yesterday which has always been a bulwark of Lutheranism.

Ideologically, Germany today is in a state of suspended animation. Once the flood gates are opened, Germany could well change shape in all sorts of ways including a reforming of the south into a Catholic Carolingian union.

Such a union would be dominated by conservative and ultimately monarchist elements, and it may well be that an enterprising scion of one of the contending princely houses will seize his chance once he sees it.

© Geoffrey Bocca, 1959

Which year? see page 14

All the events took place in 1950

NEXT WEEK: Do the German people want a king again?

One fond kiss . . .

continued from page 9

was the only witness and the entire attack took place in darkness.

"It seems a little far-fetched to say that a lady can identify a man by his kiss," claimed the defending lawyer—but his client was sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

In many places all public kisses are against the law. Lovers can be fined for kissing openly in parts of China, Japan, Egypt, Italy, Portugal and some regions of South America and Scandinavia, among other places.

A few months before the war an Italian schoolmaster was charged with kissing on a public highway in Turin. A summons demanding that he should pay a fine of ten lire was delivered to his lodgings after his call-up and he did not receive it. Further demands, each for an increased amount of money, followed him from one battlefield to another until, at the end of the war, he had to pay 5,500 lire.

Against the law

Kissing is illegal in Britain between the driver and passenger of a car in motion, and the same rule applies in America, where a Boston court recently heard evidence that a woman driver kissed a male passenger for three and a half miles at forty miles an hour.

Under British law a man must not kiss a woman against her will—but there is nothing to prevent a woman kissing a man against his will.

Precedent for a form of rough justice was established in 1839 when a man named Thomas Saverland brought an action against a Miss Caroline Newton, who had bitten a piece out of his nose when he jokingly tried to kiss her.

The defendant was acquitted after the judge had declared: "When a man kisses a woman against her will she is fully entitled to bite his nose—if she so pleases."

As an expression of spiritual love the kiss figures in the rituals of many churches. From very early times people have offered kisses to their gods, statues, kings and emperors. The lips and beard of the famous statue of Hercules at Agrigento were worn away with kisses. People have kissed the earth in veneration and greeted the sun and the moon by kissing the ground.

Business men have not neglected the psychology of the kiss. Advertisements for almost every type of domestic product have been illustrated with photographs or drawings of kissing couples at one time or another, and in a recent list of the highly commercial "top

twenty" tunes two-thirds of the lyrics contained references to kissing.

Large sums of money have changed hands for single kisses. At a charity ball during the first World War the Duke of St. Albans bid £12,000 for the kiss of a beautiful woman, and Lord Lonsdale paid £1,500 at a similar function. A Manchester girl who kissed a north-countryman under the mistletoe for a dare one Christmas was left £25,000 in his will "in appreciation of her kiss."

More remarkable, perhaps, was the kiss that befell a woman named Lillie Dickson one morning in 1905 when she was shopping.

Her grocer was so overcome by her that he kissed her passionately. Lillie summoned him.

More than ten years later—when British troops were marching to the tune of "Mademoiselle From Armentières" who "hadn't been kissed for forty years"—the grocer received a legacy from Lillie of £15,000. In her will, Lillie Dickson admitted that he was the only man who had ever kissed her.

A large number of people in Africa, Malaya, Madagascar, Tierra del Fuego and parts of Polynesia still know nothing of kissing. The kiss is also uncommon among Eskimos and in some regions of Finland.

Most races which do not practise the mouth kiss indulge in some form of nose

FAULTS—4

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

Thomas Carlyle

salute. "The origin of both the mouth kiss and the nose kiss can be seen in the desire to taste and smell each other, common in the higher orders of animal life," says a sociologist. The senses of taste and smell were far keener in man's primitive ancestors than they are now.

Through the ages mouth kissing, with greater possibilities of development than nose kissing, won an increasing number of converts. Historical details, however, are sometimes obscure. Though Shakespeare's *Antony And Cleopatra* is full of kisses, there is no definite record of the kiss as a form of affection in Egypt before the sixth century.

Today there is little doubt about its place in civilization. Even for children, games such as postman's knock and kiss-in-the-ring are a traditional part of life in this and other countries, where the psychological need to be kissed is now recognized to be strong.

A force in life

"Kissing don't last; cookery do," affirmed George Meredith, the nineteenth-century poet, but in an age of vitamin pills and canned food the sentiment is already obsolete.

The truth is, that since primitive man first nuzzled his mate the kiss has become a force in life that nobody can successfully deny.

After severe flooding in America four years ago, the Mayor of Stockton, New Jersey, proclaimed a ban on "unnecessary kissing" as a health measure. Two citizens, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stephens, immediately raised a protest.

"When is kissing unnecessary?" asked Stephens. The mayor appealed to the civil defence administrator, and the civil defence administrator admitted that he was not qualified to answer.

"This ruling violates the constitutional right to the pursuit of happiness," declared Stephens, with finality.

The people of Stockton continued to kiss.

THE END



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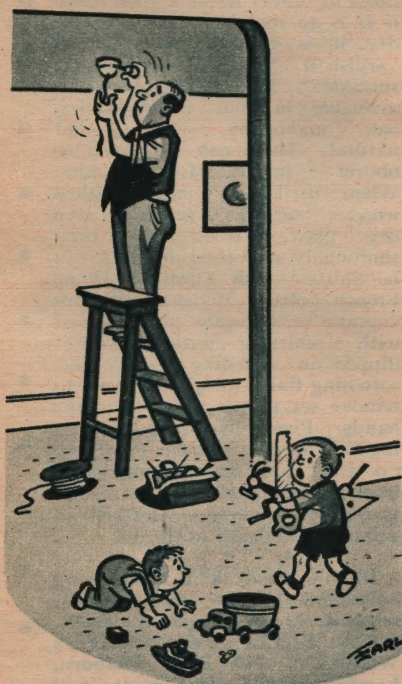
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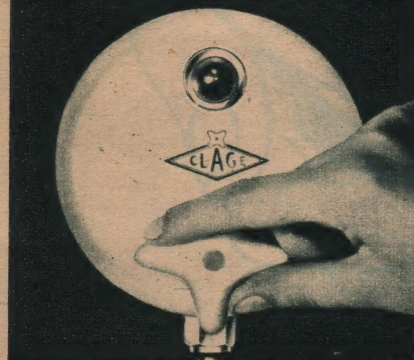
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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to John Bull: Everybody's Weekly Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

THE back entrance to my house is approached by a narrow carriageway, in which a neighbour persists in leaving a van and a small car. I have asked him several times to leave the approach clear, to no avail. What action can I take now?—W. S., Hull, Yorks.

● Your neighbour does not appear to have any right to obstruct your carriageway, and a solicitor's letter might save your having to take the legal action which his obstruction justifies.

If he goes on you would have to apply for a court injunction against him.

A DUSTY FINISH

DIRT has worked its way into the grain of some light oak furniture I bought two years ago. No matter how much I polish it, it looks dirty.—Mrs. P. G., Stoke-on-Trent.

● Most people polish furniture too much and even the best furniture polish collects a certain amount of dust over the years.

Wash the whole surface of the suite with a weak solution of detergent and warm water. When dry apply furniture cream and keep clean with an occasional rub.

FAIR EXCHANGE

WHEN I asked my landlady if she would have any objections to our obtaining an exchange, she would not commit herself, but said that she would not have any children in the house. Is she entitled to stipulate this?—Miss J. E., Belfast.

● You cannot compel your landlady to accept as tenant someone who wishes to exchange tenancies with you.

FUR BARRIER

AS we are having a new bungalow built, I want to minimize as much as possible the problem of furring in the hot-water pipes. Is there any recognized precaution against this?—R. M. C., Eastleigh, Hants.

● The best way of cutting down the amount of furring is the use of an indirect cylinder.

This means that the water that passes through the boiler is not the same water as is used in the taps. The same water is continually circulated in the boiler and can form very little scale.

An indirect cylinder takes a little longer to supply hot water—but the fuel consumption is less.

FLOOR BORE

WHAT is the best way of dealing with squeaking floorboards? We have fitted carpets.—H. A. W., Northwood, Middlesex.

● Take up the fitted carpets and screw the boards down firmly. To make sure that the boards do not squeak when you put the carpet back, put down french chalk between them.

COAL DELIVERY

ATON of coal was delivered at my home while both of us were out. We had not ordered it, nor had we had any dealings with the firm which delivered it. The lock on the coal-house door had been forced, and the coal dumped on top of our own. My husband immediately wrote to the firm

asking for an explanation, but we heard nothing until a bill for the coal arrived, still without an explanation, saying that payment was long overdue. During the winter we used the coal, as it was impossible to separate it from our own. Must we pay the bill, and can we claim compensation for the inconvenience caused?—R. S., Sheffield.

● As the coal was delivered by mistake, you should have ordered the

merchant to take it away again, and taken appropriate action if he did not do so within a reasonable time. You could, and still can, claim for the damage to your house.

But as you have used the coal, you may be obliged to pay for it.

In the circumstances, you should offer the merchant what you consider to be a reasonable amount allowing for the trouble you have had. He will doubtless accept it.

BAD BUY

WHILE I was out, two salesmen called at my home and persuaded my wife to buy a second-hand washing machine, assuring her that it was in order for her to sign my name on an agreement, and taking from her £4 deposit. When I heard about this I was furious, and went next day to the firm's address. There was nobody there, and I was told the dingy office was used only as an address for letters. I wrote to them the same night telling them to cancel the agreement and to come and take the machine back. They didn't reply to my letter, and the next thing that happened was that a payment card arrived from a finance company. My wife is in poor health and to prevent trouble I made a payment. Seven weeks after the machine was delivered it broke down. There was a three-month guarantee with it, and I asked the firm to put it right, but they haven't bothered to answer. What is my position?—A. B., Barnsley.

● As your wife agreed to buy the machine and paid a deposit, she can be compelled to keep the terms of the agreement. If the machine broke down during the period of the guarantee and the fault was covered by it, she can compel the vendor to repair it. If they refuse, she is justified in withholding further payments until she gets satisfaction. Otherwise she can be compelled to pay as agreed.

Worth Noting

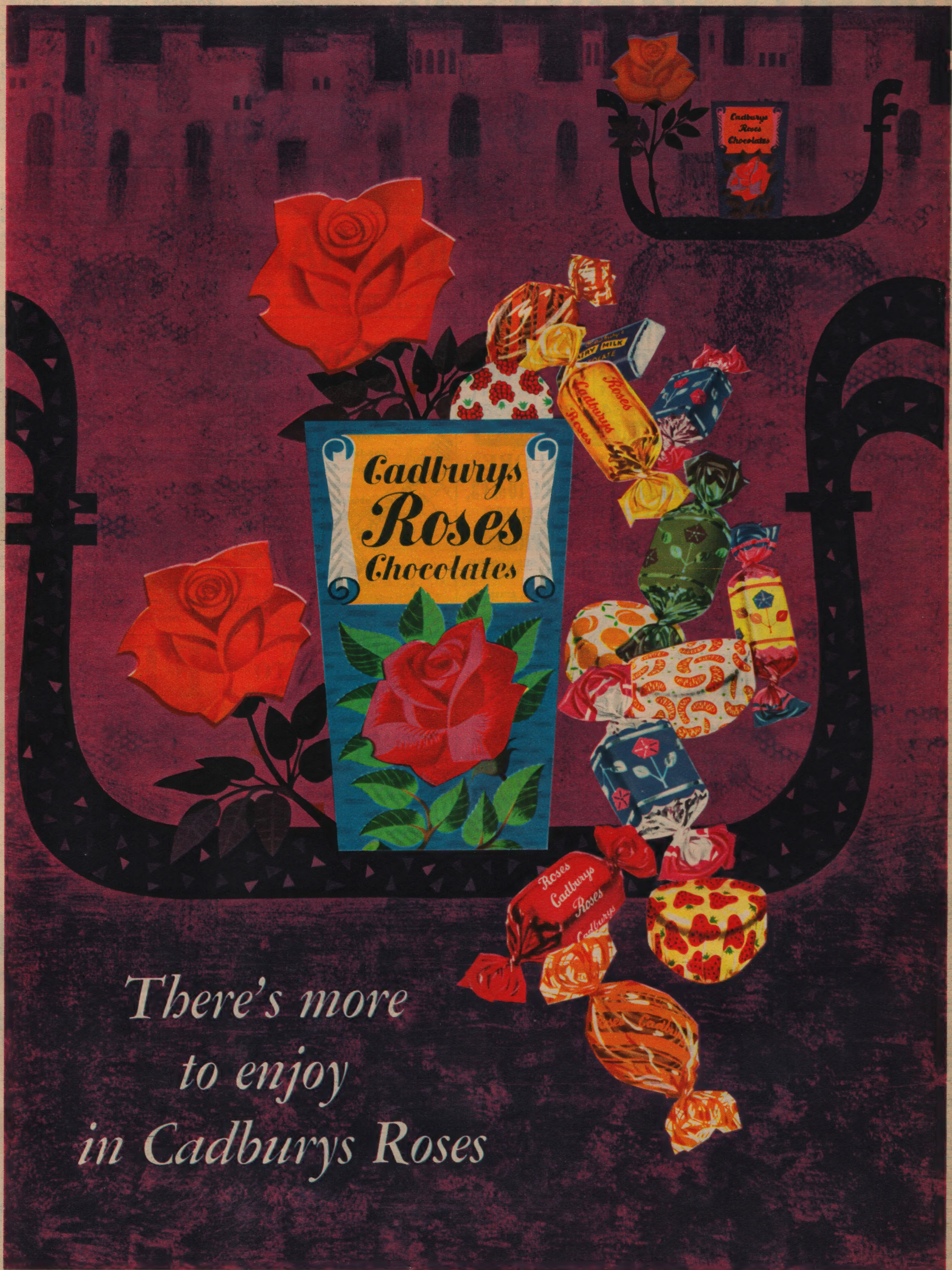
ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

- **Tread lightly:** Double the life of your carpet by using a good underlay such as Tredaire. Made of rubber with a waffle air-cushion design, pressure on your carpet either with feet or furniture is cushioned with air pockets, preventing the grinding in of grit and dirt which cause wear and tear in carpets. The standard grade which sells in 54-in. widths sells at 19s. 11d. per "lineal" yard. The de-luxe version, also 54 in. wide, sells at 21s. 9d. per yard. By The North British Rubber Co. Ltd., Castle Mills, Edinburgh, 3.
- **Cleaner hands:** To remove paint quickly from your hands, put a little Brasso in the palm of your hand and "wash" with it. The paint will disappear like magic. (Miss J. Carnie, Edinburgh.)
- **Non-tangle ladder cord:** To prevent the cord on step-ladders tangling when the ladder is closed, wind a piece of elastic round the cord and fix it with drawing pins at either end of the cord. The tension of the elastic keeps the cord well up when the steps are closed. (E. W. R. Sherwood, Newport.)
- **Cement remover:** Home handyworkers can remove any accidental splashes of Durofix cement with an application of Durofix thinner and remover. Selling at 1s. 6d. per bottle this is available at hardware stores everywhere.
- **Leaky leaded windows:** A simple remedy for leaking leaded windows is to paint round the edge of the leads with a fine brush dipped in clear varnish. The varnish will penetrate between the lead and the glass. (J. G. Topley, Godstone.)
- **Plastic wood finishes:** Plastic wood used for repair work for filling-in or building-up cracks and holes in timber needs a good finish if it is to match properly. Once dry it is possible to paint or varnish it. Staining is not always successful, but plastic wood is available in four wood shades, oak, mahogany, walnut and natural. These can be mixed to obtain intermediate shades. When used to repair polished wooden surfaces, provided the dry plastic wood has been thoroughly smoothed down, it can be finished with Furniglas Home French polish. Model-makers can engrave or decorate plastic wood with a knitting needle or skewer dipped in softening fluid. This softening fluid can also be used to remove set plastic wood from the hands. Plastic wood and softening fluid are made by the Rawlplug Co. Ltd., and may be purchased from ironmongers and hardware stores everywhere. Bottles of softening fluid sell at 1s. 6d.

If you have a trouble-saving household tip for this column, send it in to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip published.

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